Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

FIFTEEN CENTS JUNE 11, 1949

MISTER HEGGEN

By VICTOR COHN

(See page 19)

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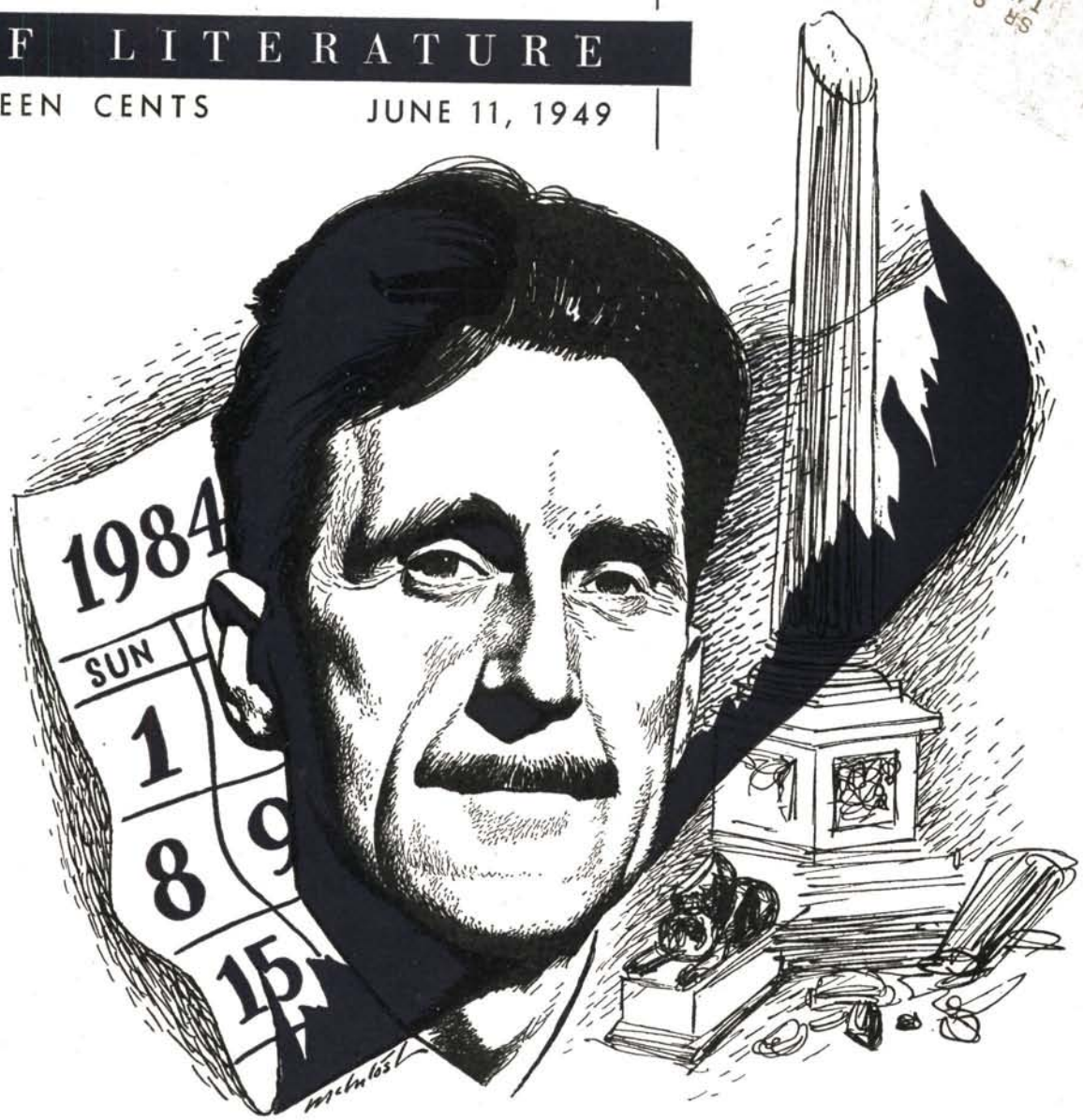

George Orwell, author of "Nineteen Eighty-Four." (See page 12)

Treason's Strange Fruit

The Case of Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award

By ROBERT HILLYER

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Author of the superb CONFESSIONS OF A EUROPEAN INTELLECTUAL tells of happiness—and horror

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MEN HAVE DIED for the ideal of *Stability,* just as they have for that Eternal Progress. Here is a study of the full content of the idea of *Stability* – today and in the past. It tells what *Stability* means to labor and business, how it is expressed in government, in the church, in economics, international politics, and in other fields where *Stability* and Eternal Progress wage a crucial battle.

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"This volume puts the scientific study of society at a completely new level," says Clyde Kluckhohn, author of *Mirror for Man.* It is a magnificent study of family, kinship, organization, sex and marriage in some 250 societies including our own. Using the combined techniques of cultural anthropology, sociology, behaviorist psychology and psychoanalysis, it brilliantly traces the evolution of social organization.

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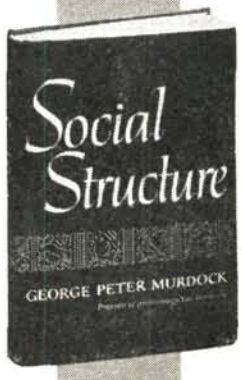

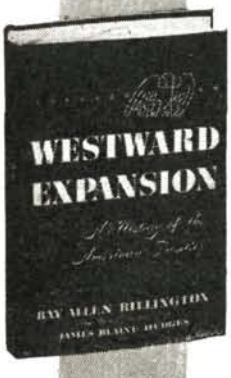

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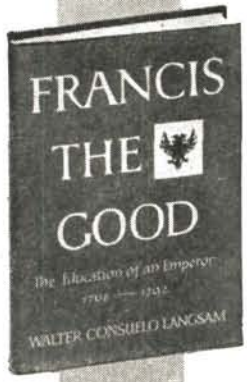

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This Week

June 11, 1949

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

Articles PAGE

TREASON'S STRANGE FRUIT
By Robert Hillyer.....9

MISTER HEGGEN
By Victor Cohn.....19

Reviews

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR
Reviewed by William Soskin.....12

THE MAN WHO MADE FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF
Reviewed by Donald A. Stauffer.....13

A WOMAN OF SAMARIA
Reviewed by Bradford Smith.....14

BEULAH LAND
Reviewed by Dale L. Morgan.....15

IN THE LAND OF JIM CROW
Reviewed by Walter White.....16

HOW SECURE THESE RIGHTS
Reviewed by Milton R. Konvitz.....16

FAITH AND HISTORY
Reveiwed by Willard L. Sperry.....17

HUMANISM AS A PHILOSOPHY
Reviewed by Robert Bierstedt.....18

A HANDBOOK OF SLAVIC STUDIES
Reviewed by Roman Jakobson.....18

GO FIGHT CITY HALL
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman.....29

TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman.....30

A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT
Reviewed by Marjory Stoneman Douglas.....30

U. S. STORIES
Reviewed by William Peden.....31

YESTERDAY WAS MINE
SHINING MORNING FACE
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor.....32

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....4

LITERARY I. Q.....14

EDITORIAL.....20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....22

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....24

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....26

LITERARY CRYPT.....31

IDEAS ON FILM
By Cecile Starr.....34

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....37

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Mary Gould Davis.....38

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 794.....43

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 24, June 11, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

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OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER has been like a ship launched upon a troubled sea. The ship was shattered before the end of one reign, sunk in that of Mary, refitted when Elizabeth began to reign, wrecked in the storms of the seventeenth century, then careened and repaired: she was becalmed in the eighteenth, until the American BOOK was made; then, after steering a gusty course between the rocks of the Victorian era, the English BOOK has become, now in the twentieth century, the oldest ship of a small fleet, tough and full of life in spite of her age.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER endeavours to avoid extremes, seeking to establish what is true and right without regard to prejudices, reactions, and the cruel generalizations so characteristic of religious controversy. Catholic conservatism there is, but it is the conservatism which is not afraid of new ideas; Protestantism there is, but it is the Protestantism that will not throw away the gold with the dross; compromise there is, but it is the compromise which honestly accepts the truth from both sides.—*Adapted from Percy Dearmer, D.D.*

Now, to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of the first BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, we have the honor to present a book which is a worthy tribute to that first 1549 BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, whose roots lie in the rich soil of Reformation Protestantism:

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The first PRAYER BOOK, which appeared in 1549, was an English simplification, condensation, and reform of the old Latin services, done with care and reverence in a genuine desire to remove the chaos of the medieval rites by a return to antiquity. The same care and reverence have been exercised in a compilation of this factual history of the origin and development of the BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER from 1549 through the current 1928 PRAYER BOOK. Published under the auspices of Washington Cathedral, and written by the Very Reverend John W. Suter, D.D., Custodian of the Prayer Book, and the Reverend Canon George J. Cleveland, Canon Librarian at Washington Cathedral, it traces a fascinating story through four centuries.

The centuries have nourished Oxford's concern to teach and to advance knowledge, and THE AMERICAN BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER is congenial throughout to this spirit and practice. The publishers believe the Washington Cathedral authors have made in this volume a vital contribution to literature on the PRAYER BOOK.

The book is printed on a page 5½" x 8½"; bound attractively in cloth with a glasseine jacket, 96 pages. It contains eight full-page illustrations of historically famous PRAYER BOOKS and a full color frontispiece depicting the Prayer Book Window at Washington Cathedral. The window was dedicated Sunday, June fifth. The book is priced at $1.50 a copy.

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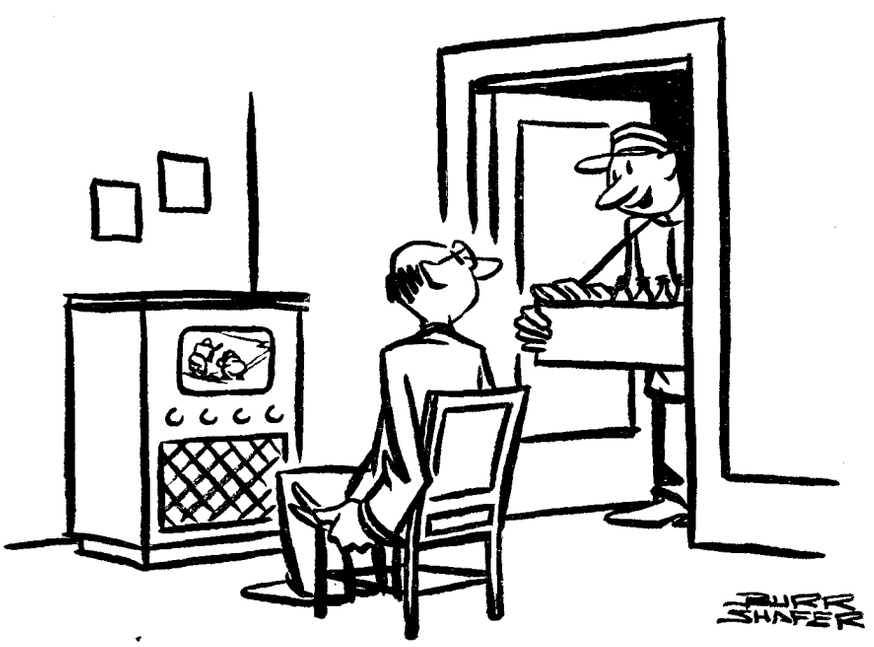
TRADE Winds

THE FORTY-SIXTH annual American Booksellers Convention in Washington, expertly managed by the Messrs. Pocker, Campbell, and Goodkind, was a rousing success. Even the time-honored blasts against the book clubs sounded new and exciting when delivered by the honey-voiced Stanton Griffis. . . . At convention's end, it appeared certain that the group urging legal action against publishers for alleged discrimination in favor of the book clubs would file suit at once, naming six prominent publishers, in a test case that will shake the book industry to its foundations. . . . The publishers' display booths were a colorful feature of this year's get-together, though opinion differed sharply on whether or not they justified the trouble and expense involved in setting them up. . . . Sales representatives in one wing of the exhibit were kept in a continuous fever-heat by a recording of Walter Benton's "This Is My Beloved," played with remarkable skill—and persistence—by Pat Knopf until an exhausted bystander—later identified as Joseph Consolino, of Forest Hills,—cried, "Turn that pornograph off!". . . . Doubleday's all-star line-up for the fall prompted this comment from a competitor: "Who can't be a great publisher when he's got so many best-selling authors he can rotate them like a championship pitching staff?". . . . Some exhibitors sought relief from the mid-summer heat at a nearby drive-in movie. There are now between 1,000 and 2,000 drive-ins in the U. S., says the *Pathfinder*—enough to accommodate 600,000 cars. Hollywood calls them "ozoners." . . . From S. and S. came the best laugh of the convention. They are featuring a book called "How to Live Within Your Income." Someone in their booth began analyzing costs of the book, and discovered they're losing eight cents a copy on it! . . .

CONSTITUTION HALL WAS jammed to the rafters for Book and Author Night, featuring Esther Forbes, Munro Leaf, Quentin Reynolds, Arnold Toynbee, and John Mason Brown. The last evoked a wave of applause by noting, "I am happy that at long last a Brown is being permitted to speak in Constitution Hall!" . . . Miss Forbes said the best training she had undergone for novel writing was a spell in Houghton Mifflin's editorial department, reading the God-awful manuscripts submitted by others. It enabled her to make a complete catalogue of "mistakes to avoid." . . . Miss Forbes was still shaken from an experience with a roadside garage mechanic. Her car broke down, and he was summoned to find out why. He examined the machine, and told Miss Forbes gravely, "You need a rebushing." . . . I never heard that expression, either. Have you? It can't be as bad as it sounds! . . .

DAVID LILIENTHAL, CHAIRMAN of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, was the featured speaker at the convention banquet. He confided that when his mother heard of his important new Government post, her only comment was, "Is it safe?" . . . Headlines of the past fortnight make Mrs. Lilienthal appear to be clairvoyant . . . A man who delivered eggs in Lilienthal's home town in Tennessee had worked briefly at Oak Ridge, but quit to resume his old dairy chores. "When I saw how much labor and equipment they were using over there," he told Lilienthal, "I figured that whatever it was they were making certainly could be bought a darn-sight cheaper on the outside." . . . Lilienthal told the booksellers that in the late stages of World War II, he promised the Russians a detailed report on a certain project for August 1. On August 20, an irate Soviet envoy complained, "You are three weeks behind." "We are," agreed Lilienthal, "but I must point out that you were behind too. You were supposed to have blueprints in our hands by June 1. We didn't get them until July 8." The Soviet envoy scowled blackly and thundered, "I did not come to talk about my behind. I came to talk about your behind!" . . .

GREAT EXPECTATIONS . . . Doubleday is readying Elizabeth Janeway's "The Question of Gregory" for mid-August, and predicting that it will top the sale of her "Daisy Kenyon" and "The Walsh Girls." . . . Putnam's has planned an elaborate campaign for "The Egyptian," a new novel by Mika Waltari. It's been taken by the BOMC. . . . Harold Robbins, who enriched Knopf, himself, and a number of Philadelphia barristers with "Never Love a Stranger," enters the marts again with "The Dream Merchants," a tale of the days when movies were new and the theatres that showed them charged a nickel admission. (Bought a loge seat at a Broadway cinema palace lately?) . . . Chalk up two more Literary Guild selections for Little, Brown: Mitchell Wilson's "Live with Lightning" and Helen MacInnes's "Rest and Be Thankful." The extraordinary Little, Brown fall list will also feature a future BOMC selection: "The Peabody Sisters of Salem," by Louise Hall Tharp, new novels by Samuel Shellabarger, Walter Edmonds, and Geoffrey Household, and Catherine Drinker Bowen's long-awaited "John Adams." Arthur Thornhill, L. B.'s new prexy, can take a deep bow! . . . Hastings House will shoot the works on its 1,300-page "American Guide," the first of its kind since the 1910 Baedeker, and Rand McNally has a brand-new world atlas on press. It



"Hot dog? Peanuts? Soda pop?"

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When the membership rolls close again—as they must in a few short weeks!—you will be glad that you seized upon this opportunity to obtain

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful BOOKS LIKE THESE—AT THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY NOVEL!

Now—but for a brief time only!—you can obtain a unique collection of the world's classics, especially illustrated by the world's great artists, well printed on permanent papers—for the same price as rental library books!

WHEN THE MEMBERSHIP rolls of The Heritage Club are publicly opened to new members—and you may know that this does not happen often—you are offered an opportunity which you should be alert to seize.

Now The Heritage Club is preparing the announcement of a new Series of its fine books, for distribution to its members during the coming twelve months; and the membership rolls are opened to new members for a brief time.

THE HERITAGE CLUB distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely *"deluxe,"* nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on papers which have been chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, and then handsomely bound and boxed.

You may find this next statement hard to believe; but nevertheless it is true, and it seems a principal reason for the continuing success of this cooperative plan: *the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary books!* Despite increases, during the past five years, of about one hundred percent in the costs of production, each member pays only $3.65 for each book—or *only* $3.28 if he makes payment in advance!

Now a Prospectus is being prepared, in which are described the twelve books which will be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. Because the books have not yet been printed, it is possible for the directors of the Club to increase the number of copies which will be ordered from the printers; and, for that reason, the directors invite one thousand interested and eager people to come into the membership at this time. If you apply for one of these new memberships (and in time to get one of them!) you will obtain books like these:

The Essays of Montaigne, in three volumes decorated by T. M. Cleland; *Robinson Crusoe,* illustrated with water-colors by Edward A. Wilson; *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights,* illustrated with original lithographs in color by the English painter Barnett Freedman; Oscar Wilde's *Salomé,* each copy illuminated by hand with genuine gold by Valenti Angelo....

These are only a few of the titles.

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any of these books, you are given a list of over forty Heritage books-in-print—from which you are permitted to select substitution titles. In short, you may obtain only the books you want, and yet you may obtain them at a price which is a phenomenal bargain.

THERE HAVE BEEN great book bargains before, of course, and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that *never* in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered to wise buyers of books.

You are invited to put this statement to the test. If you will fill out the coupon printed herewith, and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the completely descriptive Prospectus. Also, one of the available memberships will be reserved for you until you have had time to study the Prospectus and decide whether to send in your formal application.

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The Van Gogh Album—retail price, $13.50

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It is 12 by 18 inches in size: in it are *mounted prints* of forty-four of Vincent Van Gogh's paintings, ready to be framed. Included is a description of the paintings, and a chronology of Van Gogh. This Album will be sold for $13.50. But a copy will be given to you FREE, if you join the Club now!

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Please send me your new Prospectus, in which are described the books to be distributed to the *new members* and also a circular descriptive of THE VAN GOGH ALBUM. I understand that, if I send you my application at this time, I will be entitled to have a copy of THE VAN GOGH ALBUM *[retail price, $13.50]* without cost; and that you will now reserve a membership for me, awaiting my application.

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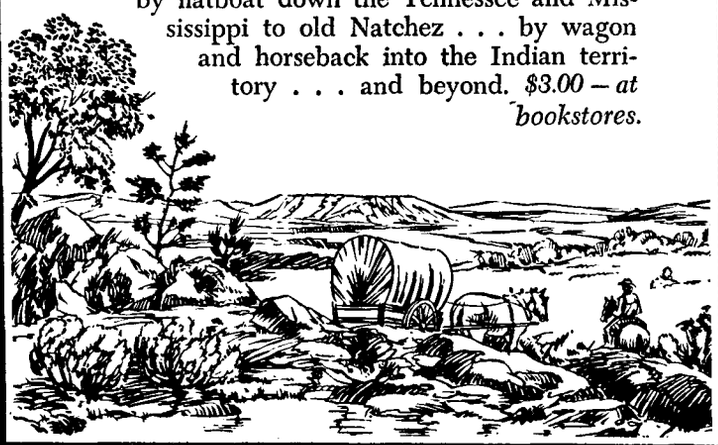
author of

Honey in the Horn

etc.

Beulah Land

Against a background of America's sprawling, pulsing frontier in the 1850's and '60's—with its motley array of adventurers, gamblers, hunters and homesteaders—Davis tells the exciting story of Ewen Warne, a marked man, and the three people who fled westward with him in search of the Promised Land. With the same zest, originality and humor that marked *Honey in the Horn*, the author describes their odyssey by flatboat down the Tennessee and Mississippi to old Natchez . . . by wagon and horseback into the Indian territory . . . and beyond. *$3.00—at bookstores.*



MORROW

will be called the "Cosmopolitan Atlas," and is due October first, at $12.50 a copy. You will save $2.50 if you order in advance. . . . Alva Johnston is expanding his *New Yorker* profile of Wilson Mizner for Farrar, Straus. . . . Lawrence Langner's autobiography will be published by Dutton. . . . It will be ten and out for the fabulous Lanny Budd when Viking launches Upton Sinclair's "O Shepherd, Speak." Lanny is President Truman's personal representative at the Kremlin when the final curtain (iron?) falls. . .

THE FIRST TIME IN MANY years that the humble and useful penny postcard has had any fanfare is in Christopher Morley's provocative new novel, "The Man Who Made Friends with Himself." The lady psychiatrist Zoe, heroine of the story, communicates with her partner (and patient) in terse sardonic postcards. This evidently has influenced early readers of the book; the author reports that most of the comments he has received have been thrifty postcards. One that specially pleased him was from Charles Lee, distinguished book critic in Philadelphia:

THE MAN WHO MADE FRIENDS
WITH HIMSELF IS

Coruscatingly conversational,
*H*umanely historical and histological,
*R*ibald and riddling,
*I*ntellectually and imaginatively
*S*cintillating and soliloquistic,
*T*enderly twinkling, ticklishly tough,
*O*riginal,
*P*hilosophical and parabolical,
*H*ypertense and hypersensitive,
*E*lizabethanly eccentric,
*R*are.

*M*ordant and merry,
*O*bservant and oracular,
*R*ecreational and religious,
*L*yrical,
*E*arnest and elative,
*Y*awping and youthful and yeasty.

—CHARLES LEE.

Mr. Morley, always precise, adds that Mr. Lee's postcard was written up-and-down, not sideways. . . . Because I frankly am happy to plug the work of my predecessor on TRADE WINDS, I also quote here the comment of Kip Fadiman in the BOMC *News*: "Actually, behind the glitter of its humor, it is as serious as the doom which may be facing us, and of which the Man Who Made Friends with Himself (what a gem of a title!) is quite sorrowfully aware. For those whose minds can move to Mr. Morley's witty and troubled music, this strange defense of the imagination's

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inviolability will prove a source of deep enjoyment." . . .

"UNCLE DYNAMITE," the new P. G. Wodehouse novel (published by Didier), propounds a very serious question: "Are publishers supposed to kiss their women authors?" Wodehouse himself is dubious. "Statistics show," he declares, "that the number of women authors kissed annually by publishers is so small that if placed end to end, they would reach scarcely any distance."

What statistics, Mr. W.? D. L. Chambers, president of Bobbs-Merrill and the only publisher to date who has commented publicly on the subject, cautiously pussyfooted with, "We are highly entertained by Mr. Wodehouse's attributing to us a reputation for great osculatory restraint with authors. We have no objection to what he has said." Come, come, Mr. Chambers: you can be more forthright than that! Have any other publishers statements to release on the subject? My own opinion is that publishers, being males first and editors second, kiss lady authors just as often as they can get away with it.

—BENNETT CERF.

Archives

By Harold Zlotnik

THESE are the holographs I keep
In secret archives of my heart,
The documents of what you are,
Unglossed by sophistry and art,

Written in moments when the mind
Was never disingenuous
And when the ink of feelings flowed
With candor, full and generous.

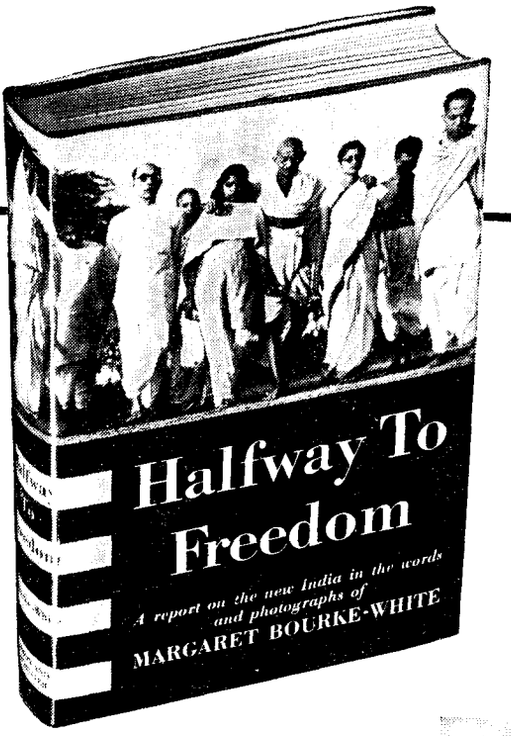
Here are the memoirs of your smiles
In subtle phrases of your joy,
And here desire, here your love,
In words no artist can employ,

And mood and change of mood are caught,
On crumpled page, by angry pen,
The thought too heavy with your pain,
Broken, but then described again.

I will not search, as scholars must,
And cross-index and catalogue
These manuscripts to find a theme
And motive for your monologue,

But I will read the weak, the strong,
At random, all your range of traits,
Without an academic eye
But with a love that penetrates

And synthesizes all at once
The whole configuration found,
What you have been, are now, may be,
A woman, simple and profound.



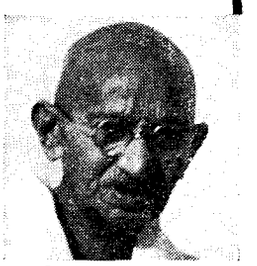
INDIA is *not* a fakir doing a rope trick.

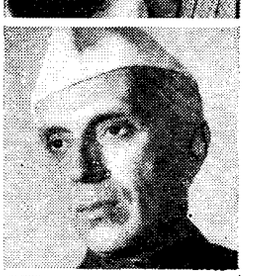
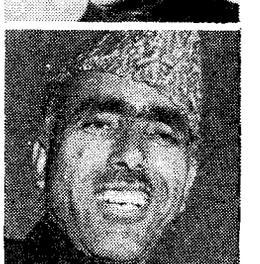
India is *not* a little man in a loincloth on a hunger strike.

India is *not* a backward British colony, or merely a country of strange temples, bejewelled maharajahs, tiger hunts and famine.

If you are one of the thousands of mature and thoughtful Americans who know how important India is and want to know what it is now, read HALFWAY TO FREEDOM.

It has just been published. It is a first-hand account, by one of America's most distinguished reporters, of this awakening giant among nations. It is turbulent and exciting reading about its leaders, its people, its bloody rebirth. Its 90,000 superb words of text are illustrated by 115 magnificent photographs, all taken by the author.



NEW YORK TIMES: "Her book is journalistic in the best sense, a rapid survey of high-spots enlivened by much colorful and human-interest material. The photographs with which it is profusely illustrated add greatly to its effectiveness. Her accounts of Gandhi's last fast and of his death and funeral are written with real feeling. It is first class reporting that is both informative and entertaining."—*Orville Prescott.*

HALFWAY TO FREEDOM

A report on the new India in the words and photographs of MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE. Price $3.50. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

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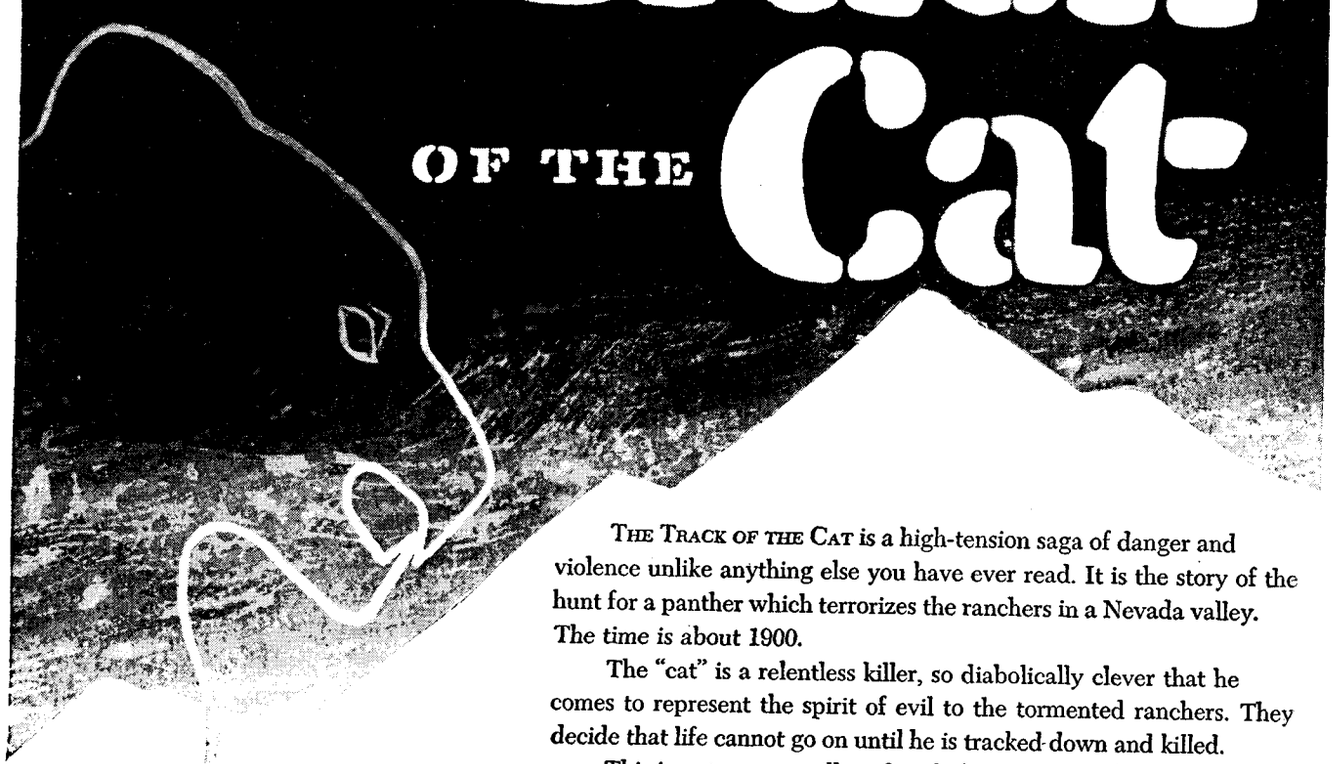
This new novel by the author of

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT

assures his place among America's most distinguished young authors

THE Track OF THE Cat



THE TRACK OF THE CAT is a high-tension saga of danger and violence unlike anything else you have ever read. It is the story of the hunt for a panther which terrorizes the ranchers in a Nevada valley. The time is about 1900.

The "cat" is a relentless killer, so diabolically clever that he comes to represent the spirit of evil to the tormented ranchers. They decide that life cannot go on until he is tracked down and killed.

This is a story you will read with the tenseness of a man frozen in his tracks, listening in the dark to the echo of a scream.

Random House considers THE TRACK OF THE CAT *one of the finest novels that has ever borne its imprint.*

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By WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We don't know whether Idaho-born Ezra Loomis Pound will ever be officially judged guilty of treason, for which he was under Federal indictment when declared insane December 21, 1945. Perhaps, as once suggested, "a succession of literary attitudes and the habit of trying to amaze his readers have involved him in an utterly false and evil situation." At any rate, in 1936 he published "Jefferson and/or Mussolini," asserting Il Duce's ideology to be the embodiment of Jefferson's, and in January 1941 he began a series of semi-weekly pro-Fascist broadcasts. "It is understood," Radio Rome prefaced Pound's remarks, "that he will not be asked to say anything whatsoever that goes against his conscience, or anything incompatible with his duties as a citizen of the USA." Apparently in good conscience, Pound orated: "The United States has been for months illegally at war through what I consider to be the criminal acts of a President whose mental condition was not . . . all that could or should be desired . . ." ". . . England certainly will have nothing whatever to say about what [the peace] terms are. Neither, I think, will simplehearted Joe Stalin, not wholly trusted by the kikery which is his master." ". . . every sane act you commit is committed in homage to Mussolini and Hitler." ". . . Are you the arsenal of democracy or of judeocracy?" Pound was arrested in May 1944 and confined at Pisa, according to his attorney, in a cage, which "aggravated a condition of senile eccentricity." In this condition he wrote "The Pisan Cantos," judged by the Bollingen committee the finest poetry of 1948. SRL has asked Robert Hillyer to assess the award in the article below and one next week. An article on T. S. Eliot, by George Catlin, will follow. Mr. Hillyer is president of the Poetry Society of America, winner of a Pulitzer Prize and an award from the Lyric Association Foundation for Traditional Poetry. Knopf will publish his long poem "The Death of Captain Nemo" in August. "But," says Mr. Hillyer, "it is by my authority as a citizen that I protest. A scandalous thing has been done in the name of my Library of Congress!"*

Treason's Strange Fruit

The Case of Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award

ROBERT HILLYER

—Pach Bros.
Robert Hillyer

LAST February 20 the press announced that Ezra Pound, who was then under suspended indictment for high treason, had been awarded a new prize, the Bollingen-Library of Congress Award of $1,000. The award was made by "a jury of Fellows of the Library of Congress in American Letters," which had adjudged Pound's "Pisan Cantos" to be "the highest achievement of American poetry in 1948." Except for those facts, the general public, even that part of it which is interested in literary matters, knows little.

It is my purpose in these two articles to provide information concerning the background of this award from two points of view, the political and cultural, which are in this case closely related.

Ezra Pound is quite simply under indictment for treason because during the last war he served the enemy in direct poetical and propaganda activities against the United States. The defense has been that he was insane, which may be an interesting commentary on his prize-winning poetry. His poems are the vehicle of contempt for America, Fascism, anti-Semitism, and, in the prize-winning "Pisan Cantos" themselves, ruthless mockery of our Christian war dead. That fact may place the award, and the committee on the Bollingen Prize, in an observable relationship to our dead and to the nation they died for. Lastly, the award was sponsored by the Library of Congress and its Librarian. The Library is the property of the American people; the Librarian is their paid custodian. Should this matter come up for investigation by Congress, neither the Librarian nor the Bollingen group will have the right to argue that it is an attempt on the part of government to control literature; on the contrary, this group has apparently invoked the sanction of government for its own ends.

At my request, Luther H. Evans, the Librarian of Congress, furnished me with data about the background of the award. In 1936, through private generosity, a chair of poetry was founded in the Library of Congress, to which appointments are made on an annual basis. In 1942 Allen Tate, the incumbent, with the approval of Archibald MacLeish, then Librarian of Congress, established a group known as the Fellows of the Library of Congress in American Letters. I have been unable to discover from the Library how or by whom this impressively titled group of fellows is appointed. They first met on May 26, 1942. At the time of the 1948 Bollingen Award, the Fellows included Allen Tate, Katherine Garrison Chapin (Mrs. Francis Biddle), Katherine Anne Porter, Willard Thorp, Paul Green, Louise Bogan, T. S. Eliot (a native of the United States who has become a British citizen), Theodore Spencer (who died January 18, 1949, after the award had been decided upon), Conrad Aiken, Wystan Hugh Auden (a native of Great Britain who is now an American citizen), Karl Shapiro, Robert Penn Warren, Robert Lowell, and Léonie Adams. The first five have been members of the group since it was begun. To quote Mr. Evans:

> Through the activities of this group, the Bollingen Foundation offered to the Library of Congress a gift of funds to enable it, over a period of ten years, to make an annual award of $1,000 to the au-

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thor of that book of verse published during the previous calendar year which, in the judgment of the Fellows in American Letters, represented the highest achievement of American poetry during that year. The Fellows may, however, decline to make an award for any year if in their judgment no poetry worthy of the prize was published during the year.

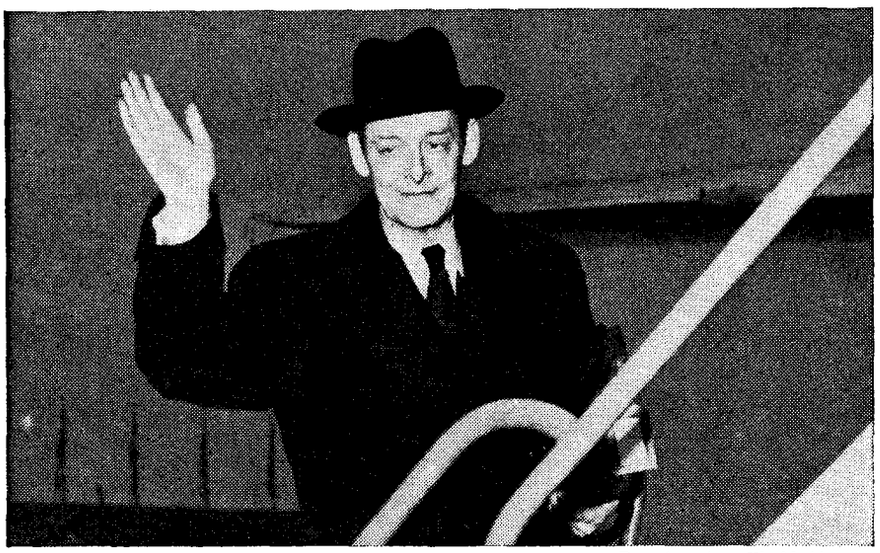
In view of Pound's hatred for the democracy of his native country, it is ironic that among the conditions of the award is the stipulation that the recipient must be an American citizen. By some tenuous legality Pound may be a citizen, but he knows nothing and cares less about civic obligations. Louis Untermeyer describes him as "the most belligerent expatriate of his generation." He has seldom set foot in America since he was twenty-three. His country's elections, wars, aspirations, and exploits have left him untouched if not hostile. After a lifetime of writing characterized by William Butler Yeats as "nervous obsession, nightmare, stammering confusion," this alienated citizen produced the "Pisan Cantos," certainly the worst of the lot. Yet the Bollingen jury stretched a point to consider Pound a citizen and defied all critical standards by finding in the "Pisan Cantos" the best American poetry of 1948.

Even in this brief summary of facts, several questions arise and some of them can be answered. Where did the Bollingen money come from? Ten annual $1,000 prizes are not easily obtained in these days. The money was given by the Mellon Foundation and set up as the Bollingen Foundation at the behest of Paul Mellon, the son of Andrew Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury.

Why was the prize named the Bollingen Award? Where does the name come from? At this point, I must cite an incident which illustrates the ignorance of the jury itself concerning the background of the prize. One of the members, Professor Willard Thorp, of Princeton, when asked by a reporter where the name of Bollingen came from, responded that he did not know, but he thought "it must be a family name." If so learned a member of the committee was in the dark, how should his less gifted colleagues be better informed? If gold rust, what shall iron do? But the original sponsors of the awards must have known what the name meant.

Bollingen is the Swiss lakeside retreat of the psychoanalyst Dr. Carl G. Jung. It is near Zurich. There, in an idyllic cottage, dwell Dr. Jung and his wife, receiving the visits, adulation, and gifts of many, including such millionaires as Paul Mellon. It is said that his first wife was one of Dr. Jung's patients. There is no implication in what follows that Mr. Mellon had any knowledge of Dr. Jung's former connection with Nazism.

The issue of Dr. Jung's pro-Nazism has been hotly argued, though certain facts are a matter of record. For a time Dr. Jung's admiration for Adolf Hitler was warm, and his services to the Nazi cause, including propaganda activities during his trips to this country, were considerable. Among his sympathies were included such Nazi flourishes as racism in general, the superman, anti-Semitism, and a weird metaphysics embracing occultism, alchemy, and the worship of Wotan. Convincing proof of all this is to be found in special research by A. D. Parelhoff and in Edward Glover's article "Freud or Jung" in *Horizon* for March 1949. Here are a few quotations from Jung: "The American presents to us a strange picture: A European with Negro mannerisms and an Indian soul" (1930). "The Jew, as a relative nomad, never has had and never will have his own culture. . . . The Aryan unconscious is a higher unconscious than the Jewish" (1934). "Hitler's first idea is to make his people powerful because the spirit of the Aryan German deserves to be supported by might, muscle, and steel" (1936). "The paean of the Italian nation is addressed to the personality of the Duce, and the dirges of other nations lament the absence of great leaders" (1939). "German policy is not made; it is revealed through Hitler. He is the mouthpiece of the gods of old" (1939).



—*Pan American World Airways.*

T. S. Eliot—"is enhedged with a nebulous divinity. . ."

I HAD personal contact with Dr. Jung's Nazism. At luncheon during the Harvard Tercentenary of 1936, Dr. Jung, who was seated beside me, deftly introduced the subject of Hitler, developed it with alert warmth, and concluded with the statement that from the high vantage point of Alpine Switzerland Hitler's new order in Germany seemed to offer the one hope of Europe.

Through the generosity of Paul Mellon, the Bollingen Foundation supports the Pantheon Press, a publishing house which issues many outpourings of the new estheticism, the literary cult to whom T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound are gods. More significant, it is apparently still congenial to Jung and his school, who have now dropped their Nazi allegiance but not necessarily the symptoms of Nazism. Let me quote from a review which appeared in the *New England Journal of Medicine* of M. Esther Harding's "Psychic Energy: Its Source and Goal," published by Pantheon Press, with a foreword by C. G. Jung:

> In this book the author, via a Jungian delving into the "unconscious," attempts to answer the query whether or not the primitive and "unconscious" side of man's nature can be tamed effectively or even altered. She believes that contemporary culture and civilization afford but a poor façade covering unconscious roots that are essentially base, vile, and self-annihilating. . . . Men must regress to primitive levels of the unconscious, as seen in the totalitarian rationalization and the world conflicts of today. The author holds out little hope of changing the "collective unconscious" of a people but individuals may be saved. . . . The book is as pessimistic and ethereal as anything Jung himself might have written.

Among the acknowledgments in the foreword to "Psychic Energy," Miss Harding pays this moving tribute: "Many thanks are due as well to Mr. Paul Mellon for much helpful criticism and for the time and interest he has devoted to this book." It would seem that the reservoir at Bollingen has many outlets, but I cannot recom-

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mend the water as potable. It is not my conception of a Pierian Spring or a Fountain of Bandusia.

It is appropriate that an award named after Dr. Jung's headquarters should be given to Ezra Pound. But it is extraordinary that it should be awarded by a committee of Americans and sponsored by the Library of Congress.

Pound's career in the service of Mussolini as propagandist and agent against the United States is too well known to need summary here. He was arrested in Italy on a charge of treason, was pronounced sane, and seemed ripe for hanging. As soon as he stepped on American soil, however, he officially lost his mind, and is now lodged in a comfortable room any of our wounded veterans would envy, in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington. Members of the jury and other apologists have argued that the writings of Pound and the actions of Pound are two different things and must be considered independently. Art is art and life is life and never the twain shall meet. Let us, then, devote our attention to the "Pisan Cantos." Would they have won an award had they been submitted by an anonymous author? Have they any intrinsic merit as poetry?

Ezra Pound: "The enormous tragedy of the dream. . . ."

IT MAY be stated flatly that the "Pisan Cantos" are so disordered as to make the award seem like a hoax. If they are poetry at all, then everything we have previously known as poetry must have been something else. In no sense are they a work "of an extremely high order," as Karl Shapiro maintained even when dissenting from the committee's decision. In general, they are merely the landslide from the kitchen-midden of a heart long dead: broken memories, jagged bits of spite, splinters of a distorting glass wherein the world is seen as it is not, a hodge-podge of private symbols, weary epigrams, anecdotes, resentments, chuckles, and the polyglot malapropisms that pass for erudition among the elite. Some individual passages are clear enough, decked out with oddments of reading such as sophomores delight to identify. I have enough information to know that when Pound speaks of "broom plants" he is thinking of the Plantagenet kings, and I have enough languages to understand many of his not very recondite tags. Occasionally he deviates into sense, and on page 94 there is a fair lyric beginning, "Tudor indeed is gone and every rose." Most of the rest is rubblish.

There are scornful references to "niggers" and obscenities indicated by initials. In the opening lines, where even the most careless member of the jury could not have missed it, there is a tearful elegy, in the Pound lingo, on Mussolini and his mistress:

The enormous tragedy of the dream
in the peasant's bent shoulders
Manes! Manes was tanned and stuffed,
Thus Ben and la Clara *a Milano*
That maggots shd/ eat the dead bullock
DIGENES διγενές, but the twice crucified
where in history will you find it?
You say this to the Possum: a bang, not a whimper,
with a bang not a whimper.

The concluding line of this touching dirge seems to be addressed to T. S. Eliot under the soubriquet of "Possum," a name used by Eliot in his mirth-provoking book on cats. The regret for the passing of the "twice crucified" Italian gangster is clear enough.

Clear, also, are the following four lines on page 17:

from their seats the blond
bastards, and cast 'em.
the yidd is a stimulant,
and the goyim are cattle
in gt/ proportion and go to
saleable slaughter
with the maximum of docility.

The first line is an ironic travesty on American sentiments toward the Nazis. The last three lines tell us that the Jews stimulate wars in order to make money, while the stupid Christians (under the contemptuous term of *goyim*) go out to fight and are slaughtered. As will be noted, the first line is merely another example of Pound's prevailing and brutal anti-Semitism. In the last three lines the Christian soldiers who were killed in the war are described as "cattle" who "go to saleable slaughter with the maximum of docility." I doubt that living Americans will tolerate that sneer at their dead.

However, the lines were not only tolerated but applauded by a group of Americans and one expatriate on the Bollingen jury. Such an esthetic contempt for mankind, especially those best of mankind who in courage and loyalty laid down their lives, can scarcely be imagined. Cynicism and heartlessness have never gone further. Think of it: in the name of the Library of Congress, these esthetes crowned as their laureate the man who wrote those words.

The alien, or expatriate, T. S. Eliot was not in the original group of Fellows in American Letters; he is a disciple of Dr. Jung; and he has been for years an intimate of Pound. Both Pound and Eliot, and Eliot especially, have a stranglehold on American poetry through the so-called "new criticism." Their tastes are dissimilar in some ways, Pound's being of bohemia and Eliot's of the British county families. Likewise, the quality of their intolerance shows a difference. Pound has been outspoken straight through the "Pisan Cantos." Eliot had his British respectability to think of and a wetter finger in the wind. His frankest anti-Semitism dates back to 1932, when in a speech at the University of Virginia he remarked that "reasons of race and religion combine to make any number of free-thinking Jews un-

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Fiction. *George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is the most compelling novel to appear this year. On the surface this brilliant account of a man's fate in the totalitarian world thirty-five years hence combines satire and fantasy. Yet to its readers it will have a terrifying reality, since every element in it exists today in embryo, or has already developed power. Christopher Morley's "The Man Who Made Friends with Himself" is an almost perfect antidote, though its plural meanings and its brilliant humor are tinged with bitterness. For the thousands upon thousands of students of the American short story Martha Foley's and Abraham Rothberg's collection from the forty-eight states can be recommended. In "U. S. Stories" you can find old favorites and masterpieces that deserve to be better known by readers and writers alike.*

What Can Be

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR. By George Orwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 314 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SOSKIN

THE disease that has a frenzied world in its grip has been accurately diagnosed. It is the disease of Power—state power and economic power immorally exploited. We know the disease. We do not know the cure. We do not even know the prognosis—whether men will survive or be utterly quelled and defeated.

Various writers have attempted to instill in us a dread of the ominous shape of things to come, and they have not succeeded, chiefly because their prognosis has involved time-machines, flights into mechanical and biological fantasies, brave new worlds such as Aldous Huxley's, and erotic ballets of the future such as Robert Graves's recent "Watch the North Wind Rise." They know the symptoms of the disease of Power, these writers, but they somehow have not been able to construct the future in terms close enough to the reality, the fear in our hearts.

It is the great realists of literature rather than the satirists and fantasy-spinners who have had the gift of leading us quietly from what is to what can be. And George Orwell's novel escorts us so quietly, so directly, and so dramatically from our own day to the fate which may be ours in the future, that the experience is a blood-chilling one. Here is a novelist who understands the nature of the beast, the quality of the future to be possessed by Power, and who projects that future not in terms of gadgets or mechanical miracles, not even in terms of such lurid though horribly real machines as the atomic bomb. It is because he creates the totalitarian future in terms of passion and human feeling close to our own that his book has immense stature.

Orwell has created a new kind of novel. He has told the story of a comparatively normal fellow, Winston Smith, who is caught in the inexorable machinery of the monolithic state, hounded by the forces of hatred, fear, and cruelty which the new civilization exalts, pursued and beaten into mental and spiritual death. His privacy is dead. In his squalid apartment the telescreen tells him always what to do, how to move and talk and think, what to believe. His every motion may be observed by the Thought Police through this telescreen. Smith works in the Ministry of Truth, falsifying official records and news reports every time the state changes its domestic or foreign policy. Thus history is destroyed and the state controls the past as well as the present and the future. Thus ignorance, an essential condition to the survival of such a state, is exalted. This is an important conception in Orwell's drama of the disease of Power run rampant, but is it not close enough to our own statistical and communications systems to contain terrifying meaning for our own way of life?

In this world which condemns personality, where the dictatorship has conditioned men and women against love, where food is revolting and language has been altered into something called *doublethink*, whereby you may believe two contradictory things at once (our party-faithful will understand the need for this!), there is still a spark of surviving individuality in Smith. The novel depicts his heroic search for an underground movement in revolt against the nightmare that is the State. It also tells of the sad course of his attempt to escape the frustrated conception of sex and to

THE AUTHOR: George Orwell has the courage of his convictions—and disillusionments. Born at Motihari, Bengal, of an Anglo-Indian family, he served from 1922-27 with the Indian Imperial Police in Burma, but gave it up "partly because the climate had ruined my health, partly because I already had vague ideas of writing books, but mainly because I could not go on any longer serving an imperialism which I had come to regard as very largely a racket." In 1936 he fought with the Loyalists in Spain, but what he saw there and since of the machinations of left-wing parties—however oblique he may be from the right in sentiment—soured him on politics. Although temporarily a member of the Independent Labor Party, he resigned at the beginning of World War II because "they were talking nonsense and proposing a line of policy that could only make things easier for Hitler."

Whatever Mr. Orwell thinks of the current English Socialistic Government, he keeps insulated from it on a farm on the Isle of Jura, Argyllshire, presumably physically content, at least, indulging his fondness for gardening, English cookery and beer, India tea, strong tobacco, coal fires, candlelight, and comfortable chairs. There he writes a regular page of political and literary commentary, "As I Please," for the *Tribune*, reviews books for the *Observer*, and contributes regularly to *The New Yorker*, *Politics*, *Horizon*, *New Savoy*, *Forum*, and *Partisan Review*. A far cry from the years of poverty in Paris and London during the late Twenties and early Thirties, when nobody would publish his stories and he resorted to washing dishes, tutoring, and teaching in cheap private schools.

The range of his observation has, however, proved a rich well for his pen, as reflected in the books "Burmese Days," "Down and Out in Paris and London," "Homage to Catalonia," "Dickens, Dali, and Others," "Animal Farm," and now "Nineteen Eighty-Four." —R. G.

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carry on a love affair that bears some resemblance to romance, some relation to physical joy.

He fails, this individualist, and the gestapo which undoes him and the inquisitors who force his confessions and his final submission make our own police methods and our cardinals' trials seem like child's play. The chapters dealing with this final inquisition easily stand comparison with the inquisitor's scene in "The Brothers Karamazov." The story of official pursuit has all the suspense and melodrama of a super-detective novel, but instead of an exercise in criminal chase we are confronted with the grim pursuit that hangs over the head of every modern man. It is a pursuit that makes us examine our own lives with a new eye. It is a novel that heightens today's problems with the light of their wrong solution. It turns a skeptic's gaze on all forms of regimentation, even though momentarily they may seem to be of social benefit.

You look again at your radio and television sets with all their bright possibilities for entertainment and education, and you see with horror the spying eyes and ears they may become in every room of the house in the hands of people who have seized a government for the sake of power and power alone. You look again at your daily newspaper which disseminates facts, or at the reports of statistical bureaus which plot and curve the rise and fall of national income, population, and employment, and you suddenly realize that a newspaper or a statistical bureau in ruthless hands are entries to your brain—another possible instrument for the regimen of slavery.

The slogans of the super-Party that governs the state in this story are: WAR IS PEACE and FREEDOM IS SLAVERY and IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH. Other products of a public-relations technique not so different from our own are a Hate Party, a Hate Week, and a rigorously enforced TWO MINUTES OF HATE period. Does this seem so remote, after all, in a world that contains populations inculcated with the creeds of Fascism or race superiority? And does it seem so strange that the world of 1984 is divided into three great warring powers — Oceania, Eastasia, and Eurasia—and that these wars are constantly sustained, without victories or defeats, as an economic policy? Have we not learned in our own civilization that there are no victories or defeats, and that wars are all too effective economic instruments of inflation?

Nineteen eighty-four is, after all, only thirty-five years off!

"Everyman" in a Jigsaw

THE MAN WHO MADE FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday & Co. 275 pp. $3.

Reviewed by DONALD A. STAUFFER

THIS book the publishers describe as Christopher Morley's first novel in six years. The category is too neat. The book is similar to Morley's "Thunder on the Left" in its melodramatic, unexpected climax, similar to "Kitty Foyle" in its poignancy, similar to both in its startling use of the world around us. But its overtones are grimmer than either. It is mocking, ironic, twisted, despairing, sick. It bears the same relation to Morley's work that "Tender Is the Night" does to Fitzgerald's. It is "Everyman" written on the hypothesis that everyman lives in the twentieth century and is fully self-conscious. Or it is a book of meditations held together by the technical methods, and some of the ideas, of Sterne and Dostoievsky and Joyce and Kafka. Or it is an anthology which the reader is compelled to read because it is presented as a ghost story in a Sherlock Holmes framework, where the hero swirls in upon himself as "the Crime, the Criminal, and the Detective, all in one."

Mr. Morley's forte is the belletristic essay. What a discovery it is, then, to make his hero a sensitive literary agent! It then becomes possible to play with Fowler and the Oxford Dictionary, to make impossible puns, to seek *le mot juste* and sometimes *le mot trop juste,* to luxuriate in polyglotophilia or macrologophilia, to coin new words and rear similes fresh as mint at the back doorstep, to shudder away from one's natural propensity for triple alliteration or for rhyming in the bathtub. What other device would allow a "novelist" to quote or refer to as his friends Chaucer, Herrick, Montaigne, Keats, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Hopkins, Homer, Rilke, Kipling, Donne, Melville, Paul, Matthew, Matthew Arnold, Arnold Toynbee, William Penn?

It will be almost impossible to review this book without showering crackling apophthegms and crisp quirks and most pat metaphors. A great effort of will limits them here to such imaginative comparisons as seem particularly appropriate to the bookish protagonist: "They were as innocent as a couple of statistics." "Arthritis had bent him like italics." "Zoe can always double in Bartlett." Shorthand is "the birdfoot of cryptogram." The hero—like Sterne and e. e. cummings, both of whom he likes—

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Christopher Morley—"arsenic in the syrup."

is aware of typography, too. He makes a stylistic device out of the question mark to end a ruminative, not too assertive, sentence; and he uses coupled question marks for his intimate Swift-Stella queryings and confidings.

The style is so packed and poetic, the plot so nearly not there at all, that this book will find unflagging devotees principally among those who like words, wit, and subtle states of mind. The hero cannot escape from himself, nor from Mr. Morley. He is cursed not only with sensitivity but with modern self-consciousness. Sentiment therefore ends in a quip, as if one were to put arsenic in the syrup to keep it from cloying. Tolman, the narrator, is caught up by modern life, so that when he writes poetry it always comes out on his typewriter, so close are the two keys together, as ½oetry. By the same analogy, one might say that his own biography just misses the mark: it is not literature, but ;iterature. His theme is the search for himself in the waste land ("God bless," he says at the climax of the most highly charged scene, or in the close of his farewell note: "Height and Depth are the same, turned inside out?"). But this book is no "Ash Wednesday" or "Burnt Norton," and the only deity who appears is the fine expletive "God in Brooklyn!" or some weary skyey power busy fighting off autograph-hunters.

Instead, Tolman does the best he can with his possible soporifics. Sex and drink figure probably as extensively as in a hard-boiled novel, though here they seem a kind of casual falling in and out of bed and glasses. The main opiates are literature and ;iterature, for Tolman has a warm feeling for corn and for forgotten authors as well as for the great

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names. And he spoils almost every attempt to find himself by some literary reference or bit of self-derision. Ridicule becomes sacred, as the safest spiritual armor in the vasty hall of this death-like existence.

In so far as he is saved, it is by his power of symbolic representation. He comes out of his nightmare schizophrenic dreams only when his colored maid, Mealie, tends him in her wonderful language, or under the ministration, usually horizontal, of his psychiatrist Zoe. Is this the marriage of literature and psychology, or of sensitivity and understanding, or is it simply "love's consummate, pitiful question: 'Are you all right?'" The result, at any rate, is a strong brew in which bitter despair is made bearable by humor, and the small details of daily life—icecubes, dimestiles, cashporiums, pettypants, girls on bicycles—are made significant by a frame of allusions. "Even psychologists don't always realize how rich life is in small jigsaws of reference."

As for the symbolism, you can take it any way you want, provided you do not try to make it square logically point for point. At the start of the fifth chapter the hero casually alludes to an event that happened after his death. He continues his autobiographical narrative up to within a minute or two of his actual end. His other self, who is real enough to offer him a cigarette (and phantasmal enough to light his own cigarette with a firefly), appears in a pleasant brothel as young Doppel, or again as an omniscient taxidriver named Doppelganger. The hero dies trying to rescue a specimen of average humanity (though a Harvard man) named Sharpy Cullen, whose conduct might make one think that his last name had unprintable Chaucerian overtones. The last sentence of the book plays with the recurring symbol of tiger lilies, and in its place hit me harder than any ending I have read since Proust or "A Farewell to Arms." Admittedly it is corn, but the tears are wet, the characters are still standing, they need be sick for home no longer, and the corn is not alien.

Donald A. Stauffer is chairman of the English department at Princeton.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

A QUIZ OF FAIR LADIES

Lydia Mayfield, of Halstead, Kansas, offers twenty poetic quotations which describe twenty glamour girls. Can you match them up? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 40.

1. A maiden of wondrous seeming
   Most beautiful, see, sits there. ( ) Annie Laurie
2. A neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land. ( ) Bess
3. An attractive girl at Tunbridge. ( ) Carrie
4. An' she looked full ez rosy agin'
   Ez the apples she was peelin'. ( ) Chloe
5. Archly the maiden smiled and with eyes over-
   running with laughter. ( ) Elaine
6. Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
   Of simple beauty and rustic health. ( ) Evangeline
7. Fair was she to behold, that maid of
   seventeen summers. ( ) Guinevere
8. Handsomest of all the women
   In the land of the Dacotahs. ( ) Helen
9. Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace. ( ) Huldy
10. Her brow is like the snowdrift,
    Her throat is like the swan. ( ) Kate
11. Her color comes and goes, it trembles to a lily,
    it wavers to a rose. ( ) Laura Lily
12. Her eyes were full of liquid light;
    I never saw a waist so slender. ( ) Lorelei
13. Holy, fair, and wise is she. ( ) Madeline
14. Round her eyes her tresses fell;
    Which was blackest none could tell. ( ) Maud
15. She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
    Save wings, for Heaven. ( ) Minnehaha
16. She was fairest of all flesh on earth. ( ) Phillada
17. The landlord's black-eyed daughter. ( ) Priscilla
18. The lily maid of Astolat. ( ) Ruth
19. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships? ( ) Supiyawlat
20. Wild and shy ( ) Sylvia
    As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

A Woman with Six Men

A WOMAN OF SAMARIA. By James Wesley Ingles. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 261 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

SINCE year in and year out religious and historical subjects do best on fiction best-seller lists, it stands to reason that a combination of religion with history should be a sure thing. Lloyd Douglas has proved that this may be the case and now "A Woman from Samaria" not only combines religion and history; its subject is also as earthy as Moll Flanders. To select from the New Testament a story about a woman with five husbands and one lover shows a sharp understanding of what, in addition to religion and history, novel readers want. To pick a theme of such sensational interest and then to handle it with delicacy and restraint marks Mr. Ingles as a man of superb selective judgment.

All we know about the woman of Samaria comes from the fourth chapter of Saint John where Jesus, meeting her at Jacob's well, says: "Thou hast well said, I have no husband; for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that thou saidst truly."

Here Mr. Ingles has found his plot. A woman's relations with six men is matter enough for any novelist!

Most story-tellers who take their material from the New Testament, or the Old too for that matter, generally weave a weary length of unneeded embroidery upon a text already perfect in its severely simple suggestiveness. They retell what we already know. Mr. Ingles has not made that mistake. He has built his conjecture on the mere suggestion of a story, and in doing so he excites the reader with new material instead of wearying him by stretching out the old.

Mr. Ingles has Photina, the beautiful Samaritan, marry in succession a handsome young man, his repulsive brother, a rabbi, a prosperous merchant, a poor Greek potter. Between, and sometimes along with her husbands, she manages an affair with the Roman centurion who uttered at the cross the memorable words, "Truly this man was the Son of God." Thus the principal cultural strains of Christ's day are illustrated—Jewish, Samaritan, Roman, Greek.

Such a subject might easily have gotten out of hand. Yet Mr. Ingles makes the much-experienced Photina seem chaste and lovely. By adopting a straight narrative style with little dialogue, he has achieved a slightly

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didactic effect suited to the Biblical material and which also neutralizes the excessive heat. He tends to avoid dramatizing the high moments. His characters, seen in a pre-Freudian light of simple vices and virtues, further the impression of impersonal narrative. Yet the very restraint heightens by suggestion the sensual nature of the material. Mr. Ingles, in short, has found a new formula for historical and Biblical fiction which will make his book widely and approvingly read by people who would think Moll Flanders scandalous. To cap the achievement, he is perfectly sincere both in his choice of material and in his restraint of manner.

As usual with books built around the life of Christ, Mr. Ingles is weakest when portraying the Master himself, though far stronger than Lloyd Douglas in "The Big Fisherman," as his book is on all counts better than that sensational best seller. In conveying the sense of Christ's effect on those who met him Mr. Ingles has failed to use his own device of restraint—the only device that might have worked.

Impressive in its picture of the intimate details of life in Jesus's time, unpretentious in style, sincere and original in conception, memorable in the dramatic contrast of its characters, "A Woman from Samaria" though not a great book is historical fiction without the false front and hollow interior which have become associated with the genre.

Bradford Smith is the author of "The Story of Jesus," a rearrangement of the Gospels into a continuing narrative form.

From a Train Window

By Eric Wilson Barker

ALL earth is fluent, flowing like the sea,
yielding strange islands for the mind to wander.
I explore them without moving,
relaxed but observant of these fleeting
that I may never see again,
save what mind's camera eye
(opening and shutting in hail and farewell sequence)
reserves for its own defense
against gregariousness:
a hunch-shouldered hawk on a fence-post;
wearing time lichen,
a single rain-starved tree;
and now, low in my windowed vista,
like the closing eye of a desert hermit,
the rayless copper sun.

Fusing Red and White Cultures

BEULAH LAND. By H. L. Davis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 314 pp. $3.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

EVER since "Honey in the Horn" brought him to view in 1935, H. L. Davis has troubled the critics. They have been disposed to enjoy the fruits of his labor, but to demand in exasperation and some injury, "Is this how novels are written?" The answer would seem to be yes, and if this, his third novel, seems a little closer to the norm, it may be that the change that has come about is less in Mr. Davis than in general ideas of what a novel must be.

No one who read "Honey in the Horn" is likely to have forgotten it, that picturesque, not to say picaresque, story of the homestead era in Oregon. Mr. Davis's new novel is laid in a different part of the country but has a great deal in common with his first one, with two youngsters on the move opening up for us extraordinary vistas in American life. Loving the land he writes about, Mr. Davis cannot be said in either novel to have shown himself exactly disenchanted, but ironically observant as he is of those who people and sometimes corrupt this land, it is plain that he does not think the human race was perfected day before yesterday, or that this will come about a week from next Tuesday.

"Beulah Land" opens with the flight westward from North Carolina's old Cherokee country of Ewen Warne, who has lived among the Indians for years as overseer of the community's cattle, but who has now made the mistake of killing a Carolina settler. With him go the Cherokee woman Sedaya, Ewen's half-Indian daughter Ruhama, and the white boy Askwani, who has been brought up as an Indian without being accepted as either Indian or white. Their journey west toward what after all is to be Ewen's destruction, across the mountains and then by flatboat down the Tennessee and Mississippi to Natchez, makes a fascinating story, filled with a sense of the richness and vastness of mid-continental America as it existed a century ago, and memorable for its portraits of the extraordinary folk already energetically occupied in forever destroying this primeval America. A particular highlight of the journey is a backwoods wedding, so wonderfully characteristic of Mr. Davis's peculiar understanding of how people behave, and why, that I reluctantly give up as impracticable the idea of quoting the whole of it.

Ruhama is left for a year in Natchez with an extraordinary couple who manufacture educated boxes for faro houses; Askwani goes downriver to some Choctaw settlements; and Ewen goes with Sedaya to the Indian Nation. But then with Sedaya dead, Ewen returns, and the three of them, reunited, settle on a farm in southern Illinois. There Ewen's old enemies catch up with him, and the bereft Ruhama and Askwani begin a new journey to the Indian Nation, along Ewen's old track. This journey, like the one from North Carolina, is superbly described. No one that I know of has quite Mr. Davis's skill in the use of a journey as a literary device; the country passed over, the adventures had, and the people met with combine in a wonderful portrait of a place and a time. Mr. Davis does not occupy himself with the conventional development of character under the impact of experience; in this novel as in his previous books his characters are pretty much at the end what they were in the beginning. But one is persuaded that this is exactly how people have lived, and that Ruhamas and Askwanis are clear windows for seeing again an American past that has been obscured for us by the dust and distinegration of time and change.

The last chapters of the book, relating what comes finally of Ruhama's

(Continued on page 29)

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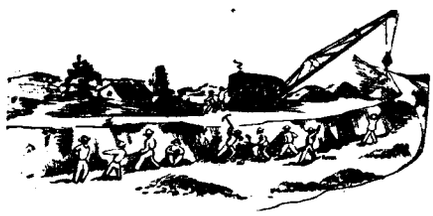
U. S. A.

Ever since the United States assumed its role as the world's great melting pot, its minorities have been a perennial social problem. One facet of that problem was treated in "Sensitivity as Censor" [SRL Feb. 26] when John Haynes Holmes decried the proclivity of Catholic, Negro, and Jewish groups to resent and to attempt to silence criticism. The two very important books reviewed below approach the minority problem from other directions. Ray Sprigle's first-person report on the position of the Negro "In the Land of Jim Crow," by-product of a newspaper series, is winning warm commendation in Northern cities and even warmer criticism south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Ruth G. Weintraub's "How Secure These Rights" is an objective study of anti-Jewish discrimination, in social and business life, based on data that was gathered by the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith.

Maggots of Democracy

IN THE LAND OF JIM CROW. By Ray Sprigle. New York: Simon & Schuster. 215 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER WHITE



THE greatest tribute to and guaranty of the basic accuracy of Ray Sprigle's book is the virulence of the attacks that have been made upon it by the Dixiecrats. Mr. Sprigle has been accused with bellicosity and threats of mob violence (which incidentally substantiate many of the charges he makes), of deliberately maligning the South, by reporting chiefly the crimes, actual and potential, which daily are perpetrated against Negroes.

That is precisely what Mr. Sprigle set out to do. Somewhat fed up with the specious arguments of the apologists for the South that it should be left alone to handle its problems in its own way, he risked mob violence and even lynching to find out how real is the improvement in race relations which men like Hodding Carter, Congressman Brooks Hays, Virginius Dabney of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, and Senator Richard Russell—to say as little as possible of men like Rankin and Talmadge—claim is taking place below the Smith and Wesson line. Many of us have "passed" for white; Sprigle wanted to reverse the process and see how it felt to pass for colored. He knew he would have to eat in greasy restaurants to which the poverty of the Negroes of lower economic status condemned them and sleep in hovels on the wrong side of the racial tracks. He knew that discovery of his real racial identity and purpose could mean imprisonment at best or violence and perhaps quiet death at worst.

Sprigle was willing to risk this and more not only because he is a reporter who has always been willing to suffer any discomfort or peril to unearth the truth about any issue which interested him, but also because he is profoundly concerned about what racial bigotry is doing to America here at home and to America's reputation around the world.

Even the erudite Hodding Carter charges Sprigle with the "crime" of writing "In the Land of Jim Crow" as a stunt to earn money and fame. As though Mr. Carter himself has not materially profited from lecturing, writing, radio, and other assignments, resting on his somewhat tenuously-based reputation as a "Southern liberal."

May I beg of you to ignore the attacks on Mr. Sprigle by appraising the motives of his attackers? May I beseech you to read the book and learn for yourself how much remains to be done here at home to enable us as a nation to hold up our heads proudly and confidently when we set about the business of telling the rest of the world how they should practise democracy? You won't be happy over the maggots of democracy which Mr. Sprigle reveals as he draws back the cover of Southern oratory about states' rights and protection of the purity of white womanhood. You will be even less patient with the next filibuster in the Senate over civil rights legislation—and with the timorousness of your own Senators after Sprigle tells you what lies back of the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition to keep your Federal Government from cleaning up the mess.

Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is author of "A Man Called White," and other books.

For the Aggrieved

HOW SECURE THESE RIGHTS. By Ruth G. Weintraub. New York: Doubleday & Co. 215 pp. $2.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

IN 1939, when Frank Murphy, now Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was Attorney General, he organized a Civil Rights Unit (or Section) in the Department of Justice. Until then a person who felt himself aggrieved by a denial of civil liberties could turn for sympathy and support only to the private organizations devoted to legal activity in defense of civil liberties. Today the most active private organizations in this field are the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), and the Commission on Law and Social Action (CLSA) of the American Jewish Congress. Although President Truman has several times asked Congress to strengthen the Civil Rights Section of the Department of Justice, Congress has thus far failed to act, and aggrieved persons must still look, in most instances, to a private organization for protection or vindication of their fundamental rights.

In addition to the organizations that engage in positive legal activity, there are groups that are dedicated to research in civil liberties and goodwill propaganda through community relations and other forms of direct and indirect educational work. The leading organizations of this character are the National Conference of Christians and Jews (NCCJ) and the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) of the B'nai B'rith. This book by Professor Weintraub is based on materials and facts assembled by the latter organization and is a tribute to both the author and the ADL.

The emphasis in the book is on current manifestations of anti-Semitism in the United States, particularly in housing and hotels, educational institutions, and employment. A chapter is devoted to the forty-five existing organizations that engage openly in anti-Semitic propaganda.

A commendable feature of the book is the attempt to balance gains against losses. The author does not attempt

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to induce a state of hysteria by a marshaling of facts only on the debit side. She finds that on the whole "the year 1948 should go down on the credit side of the ledger." Nor, while detailing the disabilities suffered by Jews, does the author fail to note the discriminatory practices from which Negroes, Mexican-Americans, and other minority groups suffer.

At the end of April Senator Humphrey introduced S. 1734, which provides for the establishment of a Commission on Civil Rights, and at the same time Senator McGrath introduced S. 1725, the Administration bill which provides for the establishment of a Commission on Civil Rights, the reorganization of the civil-rights activities of the Department of Justice, and the creation of a joint Congressional committee on civil rights. If either of these bills should be enacted, an agency of the Federal Government will have the facilities and the duty to conduct such legal and social studies, investigations, and research as may be necessary to prevent abridgment or denial of civil rights. The establishment of a Civil Rights Commission, with a substantial budget, will make it unnecessary for the ADL to publish a sequel to the Weintraub study.

The prospects for the passage of either bill are not, however, very bright. The private organizations presently engaged in research in civil liberties will need to continue their programs. But we would suggest to them that, while they may continue to pursue their investigations separately, they should combine their findings for an annual inventory of civil liberties in the United States.

As matters stand now, the person interested in the overall picture of civil liberties in the United States needs to consult the annual reports and the weekly newsletters of the ACLU, the NAACP, and the Workers Defense League, the "Negro Handbook," the reports of the ADL, the CLSA, the NCCJ, the American Council on Race Relations, the National Urban League, the American Jewish Committee, and several other organizations. Were they to pool their research resources to publish a joint annual survey, the civil liberties forces would gain an invaluable weapon for use on both the defense and the educational fronts.

The Economic and Social Council of the UN has published the first UN "Yearbook on Human Rights." Certainly the concern of Americans over human rights points in the direction of an "American Yearbook on Human Rights." Professor Weintraub's looks to such a development.

Ideas & Studies.

Although Reinhold Niebuhr's liberal, even radical, interpretation of religious and political questions brought him eminence among Protestant theologians early in the Thirties, it is only during the past decade that his influence has been felt in other spheres of American life. The lectures which Niebuhr, a professor at the Union Theological Seminary, delivered at Edinburgh University ten years ago provided the basis for his memorable "Nature and Destiny of Man." His latest book, "Faith and History," an inquiry into the nature of time, is reviewed below. . . . Humanism, a way of thinking that has largely governed philosophical speculation since the Renaissance, is treated anew and with some profit in Corliss Lamont's "Humanism as a Philosophy." . . . Leonid I. Stakhovsky's "Handbook to Slavic Studies" will prove useful to students of that culture.

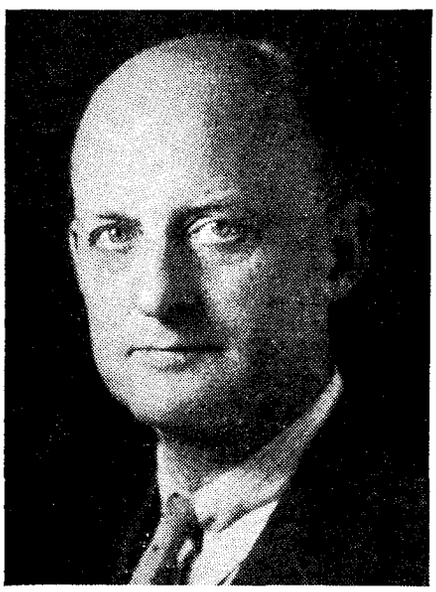
The Nature of Time

FAITH AND HISTORY. By Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 257 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLARD L. SPERRY

OF ALL the stubborn problems which "man's unconquerable mind" (*sic* Wordsworth) has tackled, that of the nature of time has proved one of the most impregnable. Saint Augustine once said that if he were not asked what time was he knew, but if he were asked he did not know. Undeterred and undismayed by the ultimate mysteries involved, Professor Niebuhr has addressed himself with candor and good courage to this issue. One can almost overhear him saying,

> And yet
> Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
> And blew. "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."



Reinhold Niebuhr—"The centrality of the paradox in our faith reaffirmed."

Niebuhr identifies three major interpretations of the nature of time. We have, in the first instance, the classical conception of time found in the thinkers of Greece and Rome. Time was for them merely the ceaseless revolution of a wheel upon its axis. The process conceded the deceptive fact of change and thus, perhaps, the illusion of progress. But reflective thinkers were not deceived by this illusion. They knew that there was nothing new under the sun and that "the thing that hath been is that which shall be." The more serious spiritual disciplines of life were an attempt to waken oneself from the restless dreams of time to the still and motionless realities of eternity. Majestic as this scheme of things was, it is no longer congenial to the modern mind.

A second interpretation of time is that which is accorded the facts by the dominant liberalism and humanism of our day. The culture of the last two centuries has tended to regard time and history as self-explanatory. Given the premise that man is both a free being and a rational being, our age has substituted for the ancient idea of cyclical change that of indeterminate growth. However plausible this reassuring idea may be, the events of the last thirty or forty years have made it increasingly difficult to defend. The omnibus of progress has run off the gentle uphill road that was supposedly its route.

Niebuhr proposes, therefore, a return to the Biblical and orthodox conception of history. His position is that which is now commonly identified as "neo-orthodoxy." So construed, history is the stage on which the indubitable sovereignty of God and the equally indubitable freedom of man

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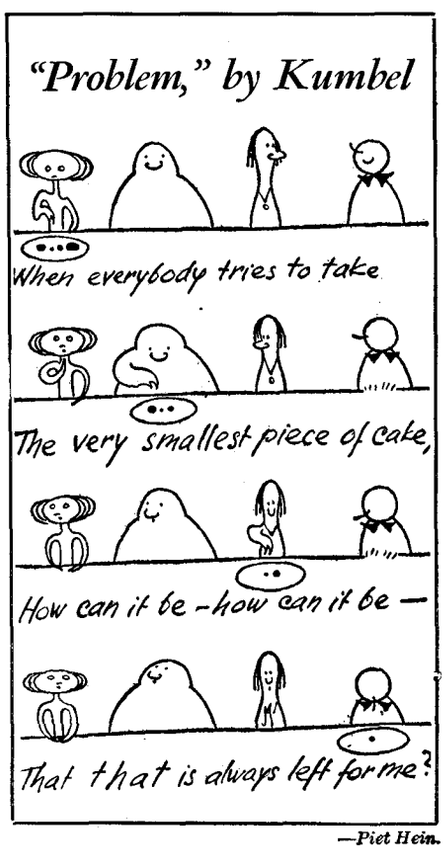
play out their parts. Our human freedom is real but carries with it the perennial and ever-recurring perils of *hubris,* the sin of self-assertion carried, in defiance or neglect of God, to the point of self-sufficiency. Man makes an idol of himself and the conduct of his own affairs. In particular, and in most recent times, nations tend to make themselves "the false centers of history." That is the political and moral tragedy of these times. Only an awareness of the sovereignty of God over against this modern idolatry can save man from himself.

Those who are familiar with classical books of religious devotion know that their strange energy derives from the tension generated by the pattern of the paradox. Witness Augustine's "Confessions" or Pascal's "Thoughts." In such works the thought moves back and forth, sometimes like summer lightning playing between distant clouds on the horizon, at other times striking with a blinding flash between heaven and earth. The antinomies of God's justice and his mercy, as well as the greatness and littleness of man are necessary to the religious consciousness, and that consciousness must always be defended against what Whitehead used to call "the vice of oversimplification." It is Reinhold Niebuhr's distinction as a Christian thinker to have escaped this vice, and to have reaffirmed in contemporary language the centrality of the paradox in our faith, and thus for our conduct.


"Problem," by Kumbel
When everybody tries to take
The very smallest piece of cake,
How can it be - how can it be —
That that is always left for me?
—Piet Hein.

Yea-Saying to All the Turbulence

HUMANISM AS A PHILOSOPHY. By Corliss Lamont. New York: Philosophical Library. 368 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

IN AN age when philosophy itself has become a highly technical and almost exclusively academic discipline, it is refreshing to have a book on that subject which is addressed not to the professor but to every person who makes an intellectual response to the problems of human life and destiny. The particular response which Corliss Lamont explains and defends in this book is humanism, a philosophy which has many affiliations with other doctrines, notably naturalism in metaphysics and idealism in ethics, though not with the literary humanism of Babbitt and More and Foerster. It has additional affiliations with science and with art, with romantic poetry and with politics, and with the ethical systems of the world's great religions. Unlike most of these religions, however, its orientation is natural and human rather than supernatural and divine. The philosophy of humanism is an affirmation of life in its human aspects and endeavors, a yea-saying to all the turbulence of circumstance, and a confrontation of destiny which seeks no succor from invented gods and reposes no faith in worlds other than our own.

Many men in many times and climes have been humanists in this sense, and the philosophy which Mr. Lamont develops here, therefore, touches great traditions. These traditions he describes in an illuminating chapter, in which quotations from poets and sages and scientists abound. He dwells further on some metaphysical implications of humanism, upon the humanist theory of the universe, the humanist reliance upon the scientific method, and the humanist defense of democracy. In all of these inquiries he contributes to the systematic development of a point of view which has hitherto often been amorphous. It cannot be said that his treatment of some of these issues is profound in any philosophic sense nor does it shed new light upon the solution of the more intricate problems of philosophy. But there is a consistency in this position, a quiet candor, and a courageous dialectic, which all command respect.

Unfortunately, exposition of the humanistic view of life as presented in this book can easily be a labor of supererogation. Those who now appreciate this philosophy, and their ranks are numberless, will not need this description of familiar ways of thought. Those who do not appreciate it are not likely to react favorably to a critique of cherished supernatural notions. In this respect at least Mr. Lamont convicts himself of unwisdom, for he quotes with approval Disraeli's formulation of Shaftesbury's remark that "all wise men have the same religion, but wise men never tell." Nevertheless, it is useful to have this new discussion of humanism and the author is to be commended for his sober and sensible treatment.

Slavs Capsuled

A HANDBOOK OF SLAVIC STUDIES. Edited by Leonid I. Strakhovsky. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 753 *pp.* $12.50.

Reviewed by ROMAN JAKOBSON

THE rapid and intensive development of Slavic studies in America and the rise of public interest in the Slavic world make the question of adequate textbooks and reference works in this field particularly urgent. The almost complete absence of such books in English, up to date both in method and in subject matter, is indeed the most serious obstacle for the progress of Slavic scholarship in this country as well as for the diffusion of factual, objective knowledge concerning the Slavic past and present. Professor L. I. Strakhovsky, an eminent historian of Russia, had the excellent idea and the necessary energy to edit an introductory volume to Slavic studies as a collective work of several historians, literary scholars, and philologists.

The "Handbook" begins with a critical survey of the earlier prominent English publications in Slavic history. Slavic pre-history is seriously, though too abruptly, discussed by the late Samuel H. Cross, by far the best American expert in early Slavic culture. After a condensed essay on Slavic linguistics by the noted philologist Alfred Senn, there follow fourteen pithy articles by the editor and other specialists reviewing the history of all Slavic nations from the Middle Ages to the First World War. The subsequent picture of Slavic literatures presented in seven summaries is much more fragmentary. Besides essays by specialists, there is a quite

(*Continued on page* 40)

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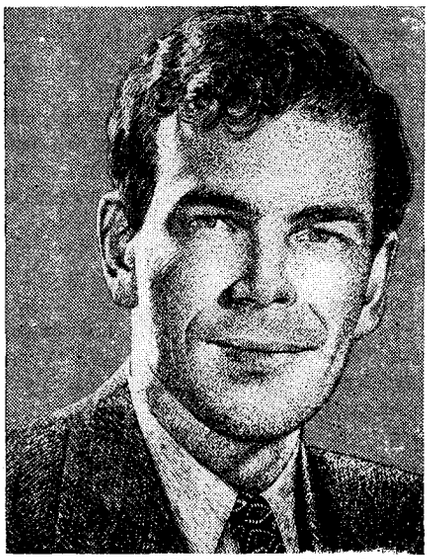
Mister Heggen

VICTOR COHN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thomas O. Heggen, the young author of "Mister Roberts," was found dead in the bathtub of his New York apartment on the morning of May 19. On the washstand of the bathroom stood an almost empty bottle of sleeping pills. The twenty-nine-year-old writer had experienced remarkable success since he resumed civilian life after the war. His novel "Mister Roberts" had sold some 850,000 copies, including pocket editions; and the play (in which he collaborated with Joshua Logan) was still attracting large audiences after more than 500 performances on Broadway.*



—SRL *drawing by Hal McIntosh.*

"If Thomas O. Heggen had a feeling for any human emotion, it was pain."

WHEN I first saw Tom Heggen he was slouched and wearing an old green corduroy jacket. That was in the fall of 1939, and he was a junior at the University of Minnesota. During the next two years he was seldom without the jacket or the slouch. He was hollow-cheeked and hollow-chested and more sensitive to the truth about the people around him than anyone I have ever known.

We sat together every afternoon on the rim of the copy desk of the *Minnesota Daily*, our college paper, in the basement of worn, old Pillsbury hall. It was a place full of memories and traditions, but Heggen did not care about clothes or tradition or journalism classes or anything else that most of us took somewhat seriously.

Studies and grades meant nothing to him, but he would skim a text and listen in on a bull session, and pass an examination the next morning. Drawing partly on a few library books but mostly on his imagination, he would produce a long term paper in a single four- or five-hour session at a *Daily* typewriter.

Heggen took journalism because he considered writing and newspaper or magazine work the easiest way he knew to exist and do what he pleased. He gave the subject as little attention as anything else—except the informal study of people, serious fiction, and serious carousing—yet he was easily expert at headline writing, editing, makeup, and typography. He thought most of his teachers and most of his classmates were fools, but he had tremendous respect, even reverence, for anyone or anything he considered intelligent and honest. The best works of Ernest Hemingway were in this class. Arthur Koestler was in it. So were Thomas Wolfe, F. Scott Fitzgerald, the Marx brothers, a bottle, or a brief romance (never a very long one) with an attractive woman.

He spent much of his time in silence, either watching and listening or simply immersed in what was partly deep thought and partly almost a trance. He had great black moods. He was greatly concerned with people and their pitiful little attempts to lead simple, reasonably happy lives in a confusing world. Heggen never said or wrote a word on this subject except after long pondering.

And he could write. You hear it said of many writers that their "words flow," but I have personally never known it true of anyone but Heggen.

I never knew him to write about anything but tragedy. The story I remember most clearly was about a boy on the bum. The boy's close friend was killed by a freight train, or in some similar way, and the story was about this boy's terrible, wordless sorrow. If Heggen had a feeling for any human emotion, it was pain. He could brood over other people's little troubles, seldom his own, for days.

His great work, "Mister Roberts," is a tragedy. It has funny passages—and the play made from it emphasizes these—but if it had included funny things alone, it would have been just another profitable war book. The real story in "Mister Roberts" is the story of a young man whose life and dreams were shattered by the war, who had a large and precious chunk of time snatched irretrievably out of his life—and who therefore suffered infinitely from the long boredom of war because he kept this painful knowledge pent up, never letting it become a surface thought for an instant, and even developing the remarkable facility of standing silent for hours on end (during watch on a Navy ship) without thinking a single thought of any kind.

The humor in "Mister Roberts"—and there is not much more hilarious reading any place—is all cruel humor, funny because it is tragic. The men on the ship are all heartsick and unhappy, and their escapades are like hysterical laughter at a funeral. It is the eternal humor of the drunken porter in "Macbeth" or the sad clown of Charlie Chaplin.

"Mister Roberts" was itself the result of months at sea. During four years in the Navy Tom Heggen was on one ship or another most of the time. I think he must have thought the book out over a long, long period, one thought at a time, then one day sat down and started writing, in as much comfort as one can achieve in a lieutenant's little cabin.

HE GAVE me the manuscript of much of "Mister Roberts" just before it was published and said, "Here's a half-assed novel I've written." The book was printed just as he set it to paper on first writing, with only a small penciled change here and there.

During the entire war Tom was concerned with the problem of expressing the war's whole spirit in one novel—a sort of "A Farewell to Arms" of World War II. He said often that he did not think it could be done. There were too many men in this war with too many different experiences. I don't think he ever changed this opinion. Yet I felt the first time I read the book that he had succeeded. The one feeling common to every man in the service—expressed either in Heggen's deep introspection or in the average sailor's and GI's lonely letters home—was the feeling of losing out on the good life you had coming, of being caught hopelessly in powerful events. The feeling was common to those who stormed the atolls and those who never heard a shot.

Heggen does not say this specifically, but his whole book cries it. I think it is the only book of either war that does, and I think that by Tom's own standard it is painfully intelligent and honest.

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award

ONE of the less inspiring and much overworked refrains of our time is the disclaimer which runs approximately as follows:

"The opinions expressed on this program (or page) are not necessarily those of the sponsor (or editor)."

This is an all-too-convenient way of ducking the tough ones. The editors of *SRL* readily admit that they, like many of their colleagues on other magazines, have sinned far too often in publishing highly controversial pieces with which they secretly agreed but from which they publicly detached themselves on grounds of editorial impartiality. There is always the temptation to have your editorial cake and eat it too by starting a fight and then making for the sidelines with a "Who, me?" expression on one's face.

Let there be no mistake, however, about *SRL*'s position on the controversy started in this issue with Robert Hillyer's article on the Bollingen-Library of Congress Award to Ezra Pound. The editors accept full responsibility for its appearance in these pages; we are aware of the seriousness of the statements made by Mr. Hillyer; there is no question that if they can be disproved, the magazine is vulnerable to legal action that could quite possibly put it out of business. Yet we are willing to stake our future as a publication on the validity, no less than the importance, of Mr. Hillyer's charges. The values involved in this fight—cultural and political both—seem to us to be worth not only the privilege of defining them in print, but the pain, if necessary, of defending them.

Like Mr. Hillyer, we were profoundly shocked to see the name of the United States Library of Congress, and therefore that of the United States Government, associated with the Bollingen $1,000 award to Ezra Pound. It is not enough to say that Ezra Pound is a traitor. It is not enough because it is important to know exactly what kind of traitor he is, and what he is a traitor to. Ezra Pound is not merely the traitor who deserts his country in order to impart secrets which are useful to the enemy. Ezra Pound voluntarily served the cause of the greatest anti-humanitarian and anti-cultural crusade known to history. He was no innocent abroad who was made to sing for his supper and his safety, but an open and declared enemy of democratic government in general and the American people in particular of many years' duration—long antedating the war. He very early identified himself with Italian Fascism and became the world's No. 1 sneerer at America and its traditions and its people. When Italy became a full partner of Germany in a war that was to smash or shatter the lives of some sixty millions of people, Ezra Pound was no minor propagandist flunkey but an official of considerable standing, and an intimate of Mussolini, to boot. He was not only an adviser but a direct participant in the propaganda war against the United States; no Nazi or Fascist propagandist exceeded him in his defamation or vilification of the American cause. We say this on the basis of first-hand information. During the war our work gave us access to daily Government transcripts of Axis propagandist broadcasts. We also listened to special recordings of Pound on Radio Rome. With respect to style, content, bombast, and general totalitarian philosophy, Pound held his own with anything ever uttered by Goebbels or Rosenberg. He not only reflected the Nazi-Fascist point of view: he espoused it with fervor.

No man ever violated his native citizenship more completely, yet the Library of Congress-Bollingen Award committee felt that Pound qualified as an "American citizen" under the terms of the award.

For many months there have been efforts by some of his old admirers to drum up support for Pound, under indictment for treason, in a misconceived "let-bygones-be-bygones" spirit. It was said that he had blundered but had now seen the error of his ways. It was said that his propagandist role in the war was a minor one, and that he may have been forced to do some broadcasting because of threats to his safety. Finally, it was said that he was sick in mind and therefore not responsible. The answer to all this, if an answer is needed, is that those of Pound's supporters who are well-intentioned ought to be given a course in how to tell the genuine article in treason when they see one. The Library of Congress-Bollingen Award may not have been born of this misguided reasoning in a deliberate attempt to deodorize his record, but the effect is about the same.

OUR purpose in writing this editorial is not to make a special plea that the Government exact its full pound of flesh. The issue is not punishment but prizes. What we urge is that if Pound is not to be shot as a traitor, at least let him not be festooned with quasi-official prizes and laurels. Let us see him for what he is—a contemptuous and contemptible sneerer at America, a highly placed propagandist who served a cause which had among its objectives the sacking of a free culture and the purge of artists and writers who didn't conform to totalitarian dogma. Wasn't it one of Pound's Axis colleagues, Joseph Goebbels, who said that every time he heard the word culture he wanted to reach for a gun?

It is absurd to claim that the award is entirely non-political, both in view of the obvious effort to take the curse off Pound's political record, and in view of the political bent of Pound's poetry, notably the "Pisan Cantos," which won the award. If Pound's defenders are weasel-worded, at least Pound himself is not; in the "Pisan Cantos," as Mr. Hillyer points out in his article, can be found a continuation of the anti-democratic and pro-Axis motif. Or are we to believe that the Bollingen Committee overlooked the content of Pound's poetry in order to celebrate its form? If so, they are leaning on a misshapen reed indeed.

There are other disturbing aspects of the award. *The Saturday Review* has received a letter from Paul Green,

Writers' Group

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

ANY warm place you please
Will serve for a friendly few
(The *Mermaid*, the *Cheshire Cheese*)
"And what do you have that's new?"
(The new, which is always best.)
He reads it, still vague and blurred,
And even though none suggest,
The moment a phrase is heard,
The line that was overdressed
Stands stripped to a chiseled word.

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one of the judges, protesting the fact that the Library of Congress, in its announcement of the award, made it appear that the judges had no difficulty in deciding on Pound: "I was opposed to giving the award to Pound," Mr. Green writes, "and so were some two or three others of the group. But in the news release sent out from the Library we were all lumped together in a ridiculous unanimity."

Further excerpts from Mr. Green's letter:

"The 'Pisan Cantos,' which won the prize, strike me as being a volatile fever-fret of wordage. And I am bull-headed enough to believe that most any loquacious and smattering-languaged literary practitioner hereabouts could fire off a volume of equal worth within a few weeks.

"This is not to deny the beauty and poetic quality in some of Pound's other and earlier works.

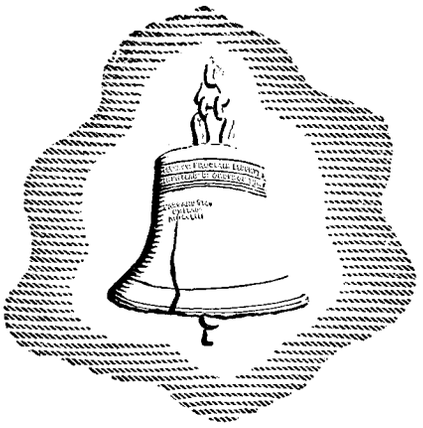
"When asked at our last meeting just what was the reason for the existence of the Library Fellows, one of the number in authority made answer as follows: 'The best proof that the Fellows have a reason for being,' he said, 'is that they exist at all.' This no doubt was profound as well as quaint.

"Since I can't make heads or tails of the 'Pisan Cantos'—suspecting they are all tail and no head—I am unable to interpret them for the reading public. The ravings in Pound's volume are as unintelligible to me as was the voting of the some eight gifted men who declared they were good."

In the case of one of the judges, W. H. Auden, it appears that the very unintelligibility of the "Pisan Cantos" was a critical point in its favor. In a letter to the *Partisan Review* magazine, Mr. Auden makes the singular statement that he believes in suppressing books which act as a "stimulus to . . . feelings which he [the reader] should condemn." Most people, he indicates, are to be "regarded as children who have not yet reached the age of consent in this matter [anti-Semitism] and from whom, therefore, *all books, whether works of art or not, which reflect feeling about Jews—and it doesn't make the slightest difference whether they are pro or anti . . . must be withheld.*" (Italics ours.)

AS IT concerns the "Pisan Cantos," Mr. Auden agrees they are frankly anti-Semitic and would supress them were it not for the fact that most people wouldn't read the book anyway. But if there were any likelihood that the book would be read, he would have no hesitation in censoring it. Then, for the final pearl of logic, he adds: "That would not, however, prevent me awarding the 'Pisan Cantos' a prize before withholding it from the public."

Seldom have we seen anyone enmesh himself so completely in a series of self-incriminating statements of such profound illogic and intellectual



arrogance. There is, however, one thread of consistency. It is the consistency of the super-snob. People are children who must be protected against harmful books. Mr. Auden, however, far from feeling that he has been harmed by the "Pisan Cantos," despite its blatant anti-Semitism, would award it a prize. Mr. Auden furthermore sets up a yardstick for censorship: anything pro-or anti-Jews is dangerous and should be suppressed. He cites "Oliver Twist" as an example. The Bible, "The Wandering Jew," "Gentlemen's Agreement," "Focus," "The Young Lions," and dozens of other books would presumably come under the same ban. One wonders how Mr. Auden proposes to deal with other controversial issues of our time. If we are to take him seriously, only the elite, of which he is clearly a member, should be allowed unfettered access to harmful or dangerous ideas, as well as the privilege of deciding what is harmful or dangerous for others, to say nothing of the privilege of deciding what books are to receive awards.

The last thing in the world we want to see happen is to have books such as the "Pisan Cantos" banned. The next to last thing in the world we want to see happen is to have authors of books such as the "Pisan Cantos" receive awards which carry the name of the United States Government. Our purpose in referring to the Auden letter, however, was not only to display the critical approach and the artistic criteria of one of the judges, but to call attention to the incredible and dangerous intellectual snobbery that is a dominant strain of the "new criticism."

The "new criticism," of course, has leaped to the defense of Pound and his book. It is the old story of the emperor's invisible robe. Anyone who cannot see the greatness in the "Pisan Cantos" or comprehend it fully should be deprived of the right of criticism because he is a child. Besides, it is claimed that those who oppose the award fail to make the necessary distinctions between art and politics. We beg to differ. Art cannot be separated from life and attain true greatness; an artist's work cannot be entirely divorced from the man himself; evil and madness and inhuman conceptions are not a part of the composite structure of a work of genius.

We refuse to believe against our reason and our common sense that a work of poetry deserves a national award simply because a dozen or a hundred poets and critics say that it does. We refuse to accept the anti-humanitarian ravings of an insane man, the incoherent medley of wild ideas, of symbols that reflect nothing but obscurity, as a work of genius. If an artist reveals through his work that he is morally an idiot, he cannot be great because he has revealed symptoms of genius in the past. When his book offers profane absurdities in the place of the wisdom and beauty that poetry alone can command, the common man who does not regard poetry as a complicated parlor game to seek out hidden meanings has a right to say to the critic and the artist who attempt to foist this melange upon us as a revelation of genius, "You are only a pack of cards." Indeed, there is a tinge of "Alice in Wonderland" in most of the adoration we give to obscurity in the arts in these days, though it is not a tale written for or to be read by children. It is rather a symptom of the neuroticism and schizophrenia which afflict humanity living today in insecurity and under the shadow of fear.

By all means let the poetry that has a meaning for only the few be published even if the ideas deeply buried in it are an affront to intelligence and common morality. Let these artists of incomprehensibility write or paint for each other and for the few intellectuals they may gather about them. But we need not accept the judgment of those who have the power to crown these creators of chaos with awards that set them above the rest of us, who need to know the meaning of the words we are asked to study.

If we read the signs of the time correctly, the Bollingen Prize given to Ezra Pound will eventually set off a revolution of no mean dimensions. We have been fooled and derided long enough.

For the Editorial Board:
NORMAN COUSINS, Editor.
HARRISON SMITH, President.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Left-Footed Cow?

SIR: Apropos of "Literally Speaking" [*SRL* May 14]:

Shame on you, Georgie,
Shame on you now!
Kid me would you? Ever see anybody
milking a cow?
For cows it is an awful slight
If milkmaids DON'T SIT ON THE
RIGHT!

Now, literally speaking, who told you about milking a cow?

R. M. DUNCAN.

Albuquerque, N. M.

SIR:
Though Robin may have kissed her
The farmer wonders how
The artist caught the milkmaid
On the wrong side of the cow . . .
The bovine's pained expression
And elevated tail
Spell disaster for the lady
And the contents of her pail.

ELIZABETH SIM ROBERTS.

Longview, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In such circumstances the guileless city slicker can only hang his head and mutter soft apologies. We hope the cows of America won't hold it against us too much.*

"Listen—here's where Khatchaturian slips pure Marxism in on you. . . ."

Rootless Elysium

SIR: Mr. Wyndham Lewis's article ["The Case Against Roots," *SRL* May 21] could not easily be taken seriously. His encouragement of rootlessness, if actually practised by the majority of mortals, would take humanity back to tribal nomadism; would undermine the social structure to the point of final collapse. The tortured progress of science, culture, and human refinement would dissolve in a moral apathy.

Mr. Lewis seems to be acquainted with a number of the world's larger cities. And he claims to find a "refreshing anonymity" in them. That there is an anonymity to be found in such a place is true; but that it is refreshing is not true, except for a small segment of these societies. There is no more lonely place to be found on earth than in the very heart of some monster metropolis, where the unknown person sees herds of his fellows brushing past him intent on their own affairs, not in the least interested in the fact that the person whom they rudely shove by might be almost desperate from loneliness.

It is amazing that this learned man could be so poor an observer. He calls New York City, for an example of an American city, a "rootless Elysium." A city in which the vast majority of its inhabitants lives in sub-standard conditions, and in which an alarming portion of the inhabitants dwell in disease-breeding squalor; a situation that is responsible for social and economic unrest, and affords the Communist agitator plenty of working material. And these sufferers are condemned to the dull routine life of somehow digging an existence from the barrel of a glutted labor market.

It seems to me that Mr. Lewis's basic premise is at fault. Man has instinctively sought roots, probably out of a deep need to try to offset his ephemeral existence on earth.

WILLIAM QUINCY LOCKWOOD, JR.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Barnyard Wisdom

SIR: Bennett Cerf quotes Judge Curtis Bok as follows: "I should rather have my own three daughters meet the facts of life in my library than behind a neighbor's barn" [TRADE WINDS, *SRL* May 7].

It seems to me that I have now seen this remark quoted four times. It threatens to become famous. But is it worth quoting?

I would like to wager $1.25, without meaning to be in the least personal, that if one of said daughters learns the facts behind a barn, while the other two learn them from books in his library, the latter two will spend most of their lives answering the eager inquiries of family friends as to the interests and activities of the third.

E. REEVES COCHRAN.

Avalon, Pa.

Not Unequivocal

SIR: It is not difficult for me not to understand what Harrison Smith means in his review of "Olivia" [*SRL* April 9]: ". . . it is difficult not to believe that the author is not what she professes to be in her book . . ."

I do not disbelieve that the reviewer does not disagree that he did not mean something else.

It is not difficult not being in favor of not avoiding the double negative.

RALPH E. BRUENN.

San Francisco, Calif.

Loathsome Ideas

SIR: The interesting thing about Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s recent article ["The Right to Loathsome Ideas," *SRL* May 14] is not his invidious references to the discharged professors but that the logical implications of his very narrowly conceived view of academic freedom place him in agreement with and not in opposition to President Allen's policy. To many of us who oppose this policy Schlesinger's support brings to mind Dr. Johnson's definition of a patron: one who encumbers with help.

We feel that a Communist ought to be hired if he can meet the standards of scholarly attainment and objective presentation required of any faculty member. Schlesinger's double standard of tolerance is so narrow and illogical as to bargain away his whole position to supporters of President Allen. No university in its senses, writes Schlesinger, would knowingly hire a Communist, but once on the faculty C. P. membership is not a justifiable reason for firing him. But if a Communist is so dangerous to a university that he ought not to be hired, surely President Allen cannot be blamed for firing one for the same reason. Schlesinger's thinking seems painfully untidy.

EUGENE SALISBURY.

University of Washington,
Seattle, Wash.

SIR: Are not our present guaranties of free speech inapplicable to the new situation we are in? A worldwide criminal conspiracy was surely not foreseen by the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention.

Appeals to former decisions of the Supreme Court, it seems to an uninstructed layman, should yield to keener interpretations of the basic law, in the light of changed conditions. Otherwise we appear to be faced by opposite impossibilities.

GRANVILLE TRACE.

Atascadero, Calif.

SIR: A certain high-school graduate, one of my pupils, was seventeen when he entered a famous college. A scholarship enabled him to achieve what had been his life's ambition. Immature and impressionable, like most high-school graduates, he went full of ideals about the college. He

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thought his classmates would be the cream of American boys, ideal Americans, democratic, intelligent, manly. He was sure that his teachers would be among the greatest men in this country. What they thought he was ready to believe.

He found friends, it is true, but also got the cut direct from boys who worked beside him in the laboratory. This in spite of the fact that he did not belong to any unpopular minority group. He happened to be a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers. The trouble was he had been graduated from a Midwestern high school instead of an Eastern preparatory school. The professors, whom he met with something of awe, were not only absolutely uninterested in him but apparently indifferent to everything except their own subjects. The religion which he had thought to be the greatest support of liberty was absolutely ignored by most of the faculty.

He found one class that was different and one professor. This man was on fire about his subject, Russia. To him the Russian system was one to live and die for. This man was not indifferent to his pupils. Each one was a possible convert and every art was used to win him.

I admit such a man is not dangerous if he has rivals in the fields of learning who are as all out for the ideals of democracy as he is for the ideals of Russia. If those 700 professors in the University of Washington were so keen on American democracy that they stressed it at every chance as the Soviets stress theirs, there would be nothing to fear. But do they? Numbers are not everything. Jesus was only one.

The boy whom I have described is a composite of several I have known. He has graduated. He is no longer immature and impressionable. He is on his way to becoming a Communist. Only one thing can save him . . . his mother's prayers.

MARTHA E. CLAY.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Unprintables

SIR: You have recently published a selection of printable Parlograms. How about the *unprintable* ones? I'd like to make you an offer for the Sixth Avenue rights.

LES KRAMER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: "Içi On Parle" in *SRL* April 16 was delightful, but the extensive sequel in the May 7 issue gave me the merriest half hour I have had since I first discovered "1066 and All That." It is nice to know there are so many jolly people living. We feel cheated, however, on all those unprintable ones. Couldn't you slip them into Mr. Cerf's column?

DOROTHY STOTT SHAW.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Those Parlos Again

SIR: *Il n'y a pas de quoi*: pa's got water on the knee.

Dieu et La République: Dewey is a Republican.

CORINNE AND IRVING SÜSSMAN.

Cathedral City, Calif.

SIR: *A bras ouverts*: plunging neckline.

POLLY ROBINSON.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: *Le peuple ému repondit*: the purple emu layed another egg.

PIERRE L. SICHEL.

Thetford Center, Vt.

SIR: *Coup d'état:* state prison.
Le mois de juillet: Romeo's mother-in-law.

D. REVEAL.

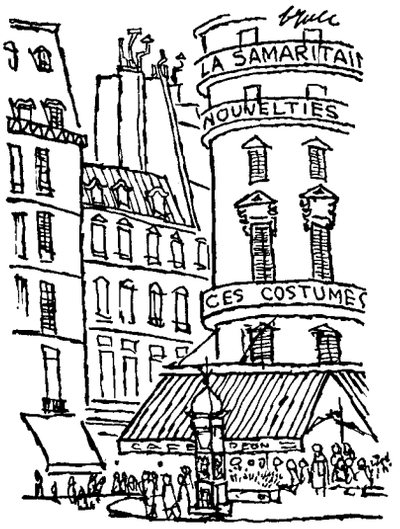
Springfield, Ill.

SIR: I suppose this . . . has got to end sometime, but I couldn't resist:
L'on y danse: bebop.

HOBART ROWEN.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: My favorite parlogram was coined, I think, by Bill Spier, radio producer of "Suspense" and other shows and one of the world's most



distinguished parlogramatists. It is:
Honoré de Balzac: (censored—Ed.).

HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: *Içi on Parlomentarians:*
Façon de parler: touting.

EDWARD WELLEN.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

SIR: Page 58 in your issue of April 16 amused me very much. After the war in Switzerland I collected one priceless addition . . .

J'y suis, j'y reste: I am Swiss and I am not working today.

GEORGE A. VONDERMUHLL.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: . . . Now instead of singing in the bathtub, I find myself perpetrating such horrors as:
Mal de mer: Oedipus complex.

HELEN M. FRANC.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: . . . your PUNishment will be to get letters like this for some time to come . . .

Comme çi comme ça: Y'all take a look, sir.

Immer weiter: fat man's lament.

In addition . . . the list below was composed by my otherwise intelligent nephew David Hershenson . . . a student of fifteen.

Petrograd: an ex-filling station attendant.

Marron glacé: glassy-eyed sailor.

HARRY OBER.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: We parleyed awhile today in our parlor and parlayed the following parlous parlograms:

De gustibus non est disputandum: No telling how the wind will blow.

L'etoile du nord: North bathroom.

DONALD T. BRODIN.

Saxtons River, Vt.

SIR: *Billet d'amour:* bill for a fur coat.

LUCILE S. CURIE.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

SIR: *Içi in Wenatchee on aussi parle awful French.*
Tableau noir: to escape north.

VALERIE VALAAS.

Wenatchee, Wash.

SIR: *De rigeur*: two-masted schooner.
Fleur du mal: hay fever.

DONALD R. GAYNOR.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: *Pas de sucre*: Sugar daddy.

HENRY O. SPIER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Here are some more of your delightful . . . parlograms:
Wasser: Women's college in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Georges V: Buried at sea.

JEFF LAUNDERS.

Spencer, Iowa.

SIR: I missed the first round . . . can you stand a few more?
Cheval de frise: the horse is cold.
Au grand sérieux: the wonderful World Series.

DOUGLAS B. NETHERWOOD.

Omaha, Neb.

SIR: Those parlograms, whoever originated 'em, are priceless! Do print some more. I couldn't resist—who can?
Faire des bonnes affaires: he does all right with women.
Il a été passé par les armes: he's in the army now.

DOLORES CAIRNS.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: *Boni leges de Caesaris:* the bony legs of Caesar.

D. SICKELS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The following is from a collection of boners that I have made:
Le curé du hameau de Dourgues: the ham curer of Dourgues.

GORDON W. SMITH.

Waterville, Me.

SIR: *Tout à fait*: Gabriel's horn.

JANET J. CAMPBELL.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIR: *Chanson d'esprit*: Charlie Chan's kid out on a spree.

CAROL FISHER AND RIGH SKINNER.

Galesburg, Ill.

SIR: *In hoc signo vinces*: Vincent has pawned his ring.

HENRY CASTOR.

Winter Haven, Fla.

SIR: Let's have some hablograms.

ELAINE SOMMERS.

Goshen, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Let's have some peace.*

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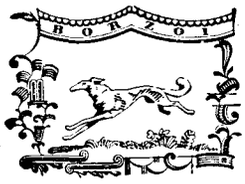

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ANDRÉ GIDE'S

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TO WALT WHITMAN

IN A simple granite tomb knowingly planned,
Hidden deep among the leaves he loved,
Lies the great poet—the earthly part of him
He so much praised and admired,
The miracle that held that immeasurable soul.

Here among other "leaves" the vision of his greatness stands,
Here raised high, the perpendicular hand,
The great idea, shining in truth,
The idea of perfect and free individuals;
The whispers of a heavenly death!
Here what we found not in Poe, Longfellow,
Burns, Shelley, nor all the others,
Here the loving kindness—

Around us the comfort of understanding,
The acceptance, the faith;
Now we, too, shall see the rolling earth,
The nations, vari-colored peoples,
Customs, lives, as all of one,
Each the brother, the equal,
We, too, feel the compassionate love, the thrill of comrades,
Our ears attuned to the deeper meanings,
Simplicity's mantle girding us round.

Here the endings and the beginnings,
Here the moment twixt waking and sleeping,
Here the immensity—here the truth.
Walt, Walt,
What you have absorbed you have become,
And so with us as with you!
The grass, the leaves, the huge embracing sky,
You are theirs and they are yours.

In you the lilacs have found eternity,
In you the smallest, countless things, their home,
In you the translation of the body electric,
In you and of you the soul of America,
America with outstretched arms to salute the world!

—FLORENCE ROME GARRETT.

* * *

In a sense the book I recently picked up second hand is a collector's item. You could say it was a Stevenson item or a Kipling item or a Bret Harte item, because it is called "My First Book" and retails the experiences of those worthies with their original literary efforts, as well as the experiences of Hall Caine, A. Conan Doyle, H. Rider Haggard, I. Zangwill, Marie Corelli, "Q," and others. It was published in London by Chatto & Windus in 1897. But mine is a "new edition with 185 illustrations" and hence not the simon-pure "first." Several names of which I had never heard, doubtless famous in the days of our great and good Queen, are included, and their reminiscences. Another feature are the views, photograms, or drawings from photographs, of their respective homes, all impressive. James Payn, greatly popular, of him I have heard, though of him I have *read* not a line: Grant Allen was, of course, a sensation in his day, with "The Woman Who Did," a copy of which scandalous volume I actually possess; George R. Sims, the name seems faintly familiar; but F. W. Robinson and David Christie Murray, alas, who were they? John Strange Winter is a name I remember from over fifty years ago upon my parents' lips; and Robert Buchanan has a certain musty flavor. Morley Roberts was a young man then, and did some good things; and, of course, Jerome K. Jerome (who writes the introduction to the book) was a humorist whose name still has flavor—but it is to Robinson and Murray that I must return!

In 1853 F. W. Robinson was, according to his own account, "a pale, long-haired, consumptive-looking youth who had been successful in prize poems . . . and in acrostics." Yet he was to develop a most beautiful set of flowing dundrearies, and to be drawn sitting in a library the extent of the bookshelves of which (unless that is merely the artist's idea of perspective) must remain my eternal envy! As a youth he was a redoubtable chess player at Kling's, then a famous London chess house. "Failing literature, I had made up my mind to become a chess champion." After Messrs. Hurst & Blackett had turned down his first Ms. he submitted it to Smith & Elder. There a Mr. Williams, who had judged Charlotte Brontë favorably, told him that with perseverance he would probably succeed in literature. "Years of short-story writing are the best apprenticeship for you!" So, for the time being Mr. Robinson reverted to six or eight hours a day at chess! But then he somehow began a book which I

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regret to say is not even a mere name to me, "The House of Elmore." Due to a certain Lascelles Wraxall (what a name!) it at length passed muster at the original publishers, Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, and at the end of the year 1854 "was launched into the reading world." One goes back, at this point, forgetting how mean the *Atheneum* and *The Saturday Review* were to that masterpiece, to brood upon the drawings of Elmore House, of Mr. Robinson's Library, of the Garden, the Drawing-Room, and the author at thirty and at forty respectively. What spacious days, what chandeliers, what whiskers!

Mr. Murray's first book, in "poetic form," was called "Marsh Hall" and ran into four cantos. Messrs. Macmillan "counseled me not to publish it." His next work, when he was on the *Birmingham Morning News*, was a serial with the forbidding title of "Grace Forbeach," done to order. "The cashier assured me that I had sent down the circulation of the Saturday issue by sixteen thousand!" Finally, "I sent all my wicked and superfluous people into a coal-mine and there put an end to them by an inrush of water." Three later books, however, grew out of this ill-starred attempt, among them a novel called "Joseph's Coat," which apparently made its author's fortune. "A Life's Atonement" was, however, an earlier work in which the author unconsciously plagiarized Dickens. It ran its course through *Chambers' Journal*; and I like the postscript to a letter from Robert Chambers to the author, averring: "We publish no authors' names, but we pay handsomely."

There is not room at this writing to tell of other delights of this rare volume; of the views of M. E. Braddon's magnificent establishment at Lyndhurst; of the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Quiller-Couch in a Canadian canoe; of the photographs of John Strange Winter's (Mrs. Arthur Stannard's) children; of Mr. Rider Haggard and his daughters, etc. I shall probably return to the compilation later. Meanwhile its savoring is a slow and precious delight!

—William Rose Benét.

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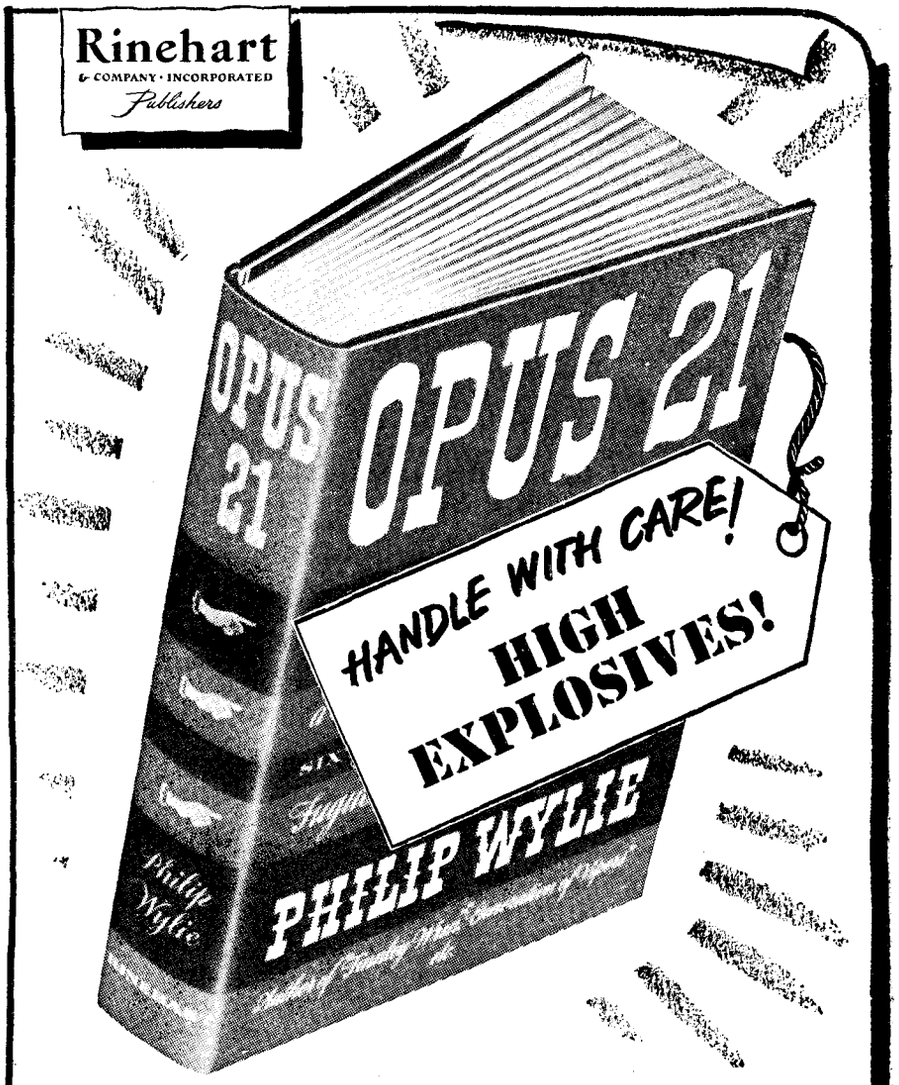

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Seeing Things

LAND OF THE FREE

IT ALL depends upon the point of view and what moviegoers want of the movies. In other words, it all depends upon what their patrons not only expect but permit the movies to be. Shortly after "The Barkleys of Broadway" had opened in New York, the *Daily News* saluted this Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture with an editorial which, supposedly, expressed the attitude of many American film fans. The editorial was headed, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT, HOLLYWOOD. It maintained that one reason for Hollywood's box-office troubles was that U. S. moviegoers had been "stuffed to the gills with pictures bearing pious, noble, but sleep-producing 'messages'." It insisted that people were tired of "laying down their dough" for what they had hoped would be an evening's entertainment but which "too often turned out to be a long, dreary, 'socially significant' treatise about how you really should feel sorry for Willie the Mugger, on account of he was just misunderstood."

There, in language especially designed for *News* readers, is one point of view. There, toughly and honestly stated, is what Matthew Arnold would have identified as the Philistine approach. There, given editorial sanction, is the eternal alibi advanced by Hollywood's bigwigs to justify the puerility, the emptiness, and the unreality of most of the West Coast's offerings.

That the public is entitled to entertainment, that preachments are dreary, that propaganda can be irritating, and that good "messages" generally result in bad art everyone will admit. But, surely, no one who both likes and respects the movies would maintain that all films must be as delectably about nothing as is "The Barkleys of Broadway," welcome though it is.

Entertainment is a big word. In its largest meaning, it is sizable enough to include the most serious plays or films. It is not limited either to escape or laughter. Tragedy, though painful, can give a special pleasure of its own. To be effective, works of protest and reminder must also be entertaining. None of these types excludes the others. There is plenty of room for them all. Not only room, but need.

My suspicion, more accurately my conviction, is that one of the reasons Hollywood has had its troubles at the box office is that its public has tired of films dealing with *nothing*. It is because the better European films have dared to deal with *something* that so many Americans have turned to them with admiration and relief. The recognizable anguishes of life and war and peace have been in these movies. This is what has kept them from being alien, however foreign. Instead of separating themselves from their audiences by saying, "You will like this because it did not and could not happen," these films from overseas have won their audiences by saying, "This is not what happened in a story or a studio. This is what happened or could happen to you." In these importations such nearness to reality has been one of the sources of their strength. They have dared to be adult for an adult public and refused to insult that public by condescending to it.

There have, of course, been American films, such as "The Snake Pit," "The Best Years of Our Lives," "The Search," "The Lost Weekend," "Gentleman's Agreement," or "Crossfire," which have come courageously to grips with problems or situations rooted in reality. But there have not been enough of them. Indeed, they have been pitifully few. To their thin ranks, however, must be added "Home of the Brave."* Whatever its faults, this movie can claim the virtue of being most decidedly about something. Since its concern is the insults and indignities to which an American is subject if he happens to be a Negro, few Americans, white or black, can sit before it without recognizing what is at once disquieting and shaming in its truth.

WHEN "Home of the Brave" was seen as a play on Broadway three seasons back, its central figure was a Jew. Now he is a Negro. And the story, though otherwise unaltered, is strengthened by the change. Once again it is told in terms of flashbacks, as an Army psychiatrist in a field hospital cures a soldier of the paralysis which has robbed him of the use of his legs. The doctor effects this cure by persuading his patient to relive the episodes in war and peace which have provoked his illness.

Moss, the Negro soldier in question, had gone on a dangerous mission to a Japanese-held island with four white men, all of whom, in ways blatant or small, conscious or unconscious, had shown their prejudice against Negroes. Although the mission had succeeded, one of the white men, Moss's friend since boyhood, had been killed by a sniper. Moss's illness has been brought

**HOME OF THE BRAVE, screen play by Carl Foreman based on the play by Arthur Laurents. Directed by Mark Robson. Produced by Stanley Kramer for Screen Plays, Inc. Released through United Artists. With a cast including James Edwards, Douglas Dick, Steve Brodie, Jeff Corey, Lloyd Bridges, Frank Lovejoy, Cliff Clark, etc. At the Victoria, New York. Opened May 12, 1949.*

". . . a proper embarrassment for the white man and his civilization."

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on by the psychological shock he had suffered because of the death of his friend and the needless sense of guilt that had welled up within him. He had been inundated by this sense of guilt because of having felt happy at being alive even though his friend was dead. His emotions were the more complicated because his friend had died with an involuntary insult to the Negroes on his lips. But in essence, as the Army doctor laboriously proves, what Moss has blamed himself for feeling was no more than the pleasure common to all soldiers at finding themselves among the spared.

THE psychiatry in "Home of the Brave" may be childishly obvious, the battle scenes may take place in a jungle which is more hothouse than Pacific, and the ending, in which a white man and the Negro go off arm-in-arm to open a restaurant, may oversimplify a problem that is anything except simple. Yet the movie has a hard-hitting power the play could not claim. It is a power born of the courage with which it faces its subject. The scenario may still tell two stories which refuse to be soldered. One and only one story leaps from the screen, however. This is the story of the sufferings a black man must endure, in or out of uniform, in a free land for no other reason than that he is black.

"Home of the Brave" has been vigorously and intelligently directed by Mark Robson. It is capably played, too, in an offhand, soldierly fashion by Lloyd Bridges, Frank Lovejoy, Steve Brodie, and Douglas Dick. But what one remembers, indeed what one cannot forget, is James Edwards's performance of the Negro. Mr. Edwards is a fine-looking man, cleancut, sensitive, and proud. He has an athlete's body, genuine grace, and an intelligent face. To watch him, wincing, suffering, and reacting to the taunts and obscenities to which his people are heir merely because of their color, is to feel a proper embarrassment for the white man and his civilization. One of the better features of "Home of the Brave" is that it does not preach tolerance and decency directly. It does not have to. The lines of Mr. Edwards's face are more eloquent pleas for enlightenment than any scenarist could hope to write.

When "Gentleman's Agreement" was new, I remember recording the grateful shock with which one heard such everyday words as "Catholic," "Jew," and "Protestant" emerge from a sound track in a darkened movie palace. This shock, as I tried to point out, was not a compliment to the motion pictures. Instead, it was a comment—and a sad one—on the kind of fare upon which they ordinarily starve us. The effect, I noted, was as startling as if a backward child had suddenly begun to quote verbatim the whole of John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty."

"Home of the Brave" is even more outspoken. "Dirty nigger," "nigger lover," "yellow-bellied nigger" are among the words thundered at the audience. To the ears of moviegoers they are new words. At least they are new to moviegoers while in a motion-picture theatre. They have never sounded crueler or more indecent than when blown up on a sound track and spoken publicly before an audience of attentive and well-behaved Americans, both black and white.

More than being an exciting picture, "Home of the Brave" is an encouraging one. It shows what the movies can do when they put their fears behind them, when they discard their childish taboos, and state a major problem for grownups in a grownup way. I do not see how anyone, North or South, could object to such a film. With Bosley Crowther, of the *Times*, I wholeheartedly agree that "the only people who will scorn it are those who would segregate truth." —JOHN MASON BROWN.

Mathematics, not so Simple

By Bruce Fawcett

PUT down Love
And carry Grief:
Then add Regret;
Now from the total, Bitterness,
Subtract all Hope
And add one Memory.
The answer should be Peace.

But no—my problem totals Sadness.
What did I do that wasn't right?
Let me see: I wonder, should I multiply
Resolve by Promises?
Or should I take two Memories
Divided by Desire?
Would I then have Peace?

No, now wait. Begin again:
Put down Love
And carry Grief. . . .

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TREASON'S STRANGE FRUIT

(*Continued from page* 11)

desirable. A spirit of excessive tolerance is to be deprecated." It is probable that he would like to expunge this speech from the memories of men. Failing that, he has discovered quite recently that the Jew had a contribution, and now mentions with approbation "the legacy of Greece, Rome, and Israel." This statement does not wholly cover his tracks, but, in any case, the man who made conversions fashionable surely has a right to avail himself of them. Harry Roskolenko, in "The Cant in Pound's Cantos," appearing in the *Congress Weekly* for April 11, 1949, puts the matter succinctly:

> One may well ask if the Fascist is always an anti-Semite, or if the anti-Semite is the consistent political exponent of Fascism. In the case of Eliot we do not see this consistency. Eliot is much too sophisticated a man, too weary with his turnings and squirmings, to bring his work into the Fascist focus. He has his small doses of anti-Semitism, noticed largely because he is a so-important-man-of letters . . . Eliot is chiefly a man of occasional if subtle ventures. But both Pound and Eliot stem from the same literary environment . . . The bohemian Pound and the sacred Eliot merged and then parted, each preparing his own elegy of the American.

Eliot's whole life has been a flight from his native St. Louis, Missouri. He has gone far, and doubtless, if he survives Masefield, he will be the next English Laureate. In America he is so enhedged with nebulous divinity that people are shocked, as by blasphemy, at anything said against him. This is occasioned not so much by his writings as by the awe for a man who managed to get contemporary America out of his system, an aspiration of many new poets and critics. Yet it is not only the folk who carry furled umbrellas on a sunny day and pronounce *dictionary* with one less syllable than their parents gave it, who are attracted to this queer figure. He has succeeded—where Oscar Wilde failed—in promulgating the doctrine of art-for-art's-sake throughout all ranks, and even among left-wing critics and intellectuals he finds some of his most sedulous interpreters.

Yet the long, spectacular climb, that has made him as it were the Diamond Jim Brady of poets, has left him winded and wincing. "It is possible," writes Lewis Gannett, "that a part of Mr. Eliot's disillusion with the contemporary world is the product of his own deracination. He repudiates at once the aspiration and hopefulness of his grandfather, who transformed the St. Louis public school system, and of contemporary Labor England. He has made himself a man without a country, is uncomfortable about it, and rationalizes his own rootlessness."

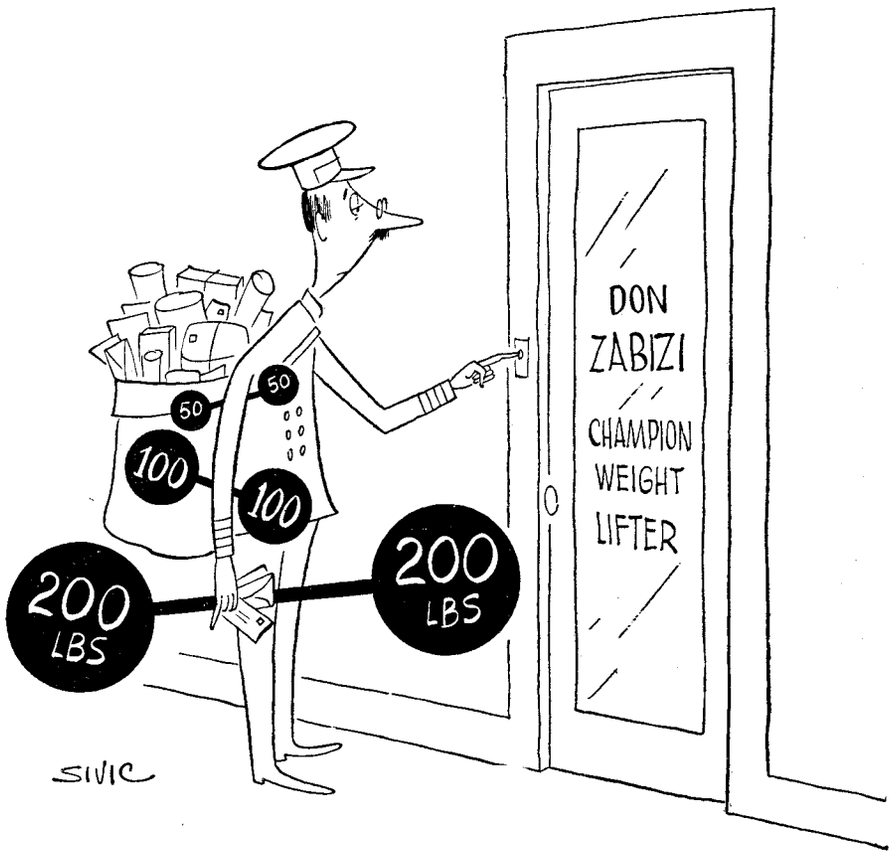
THIS flaw has cracked the entire fabric. Eliot has long tinkered with Humpty-Dumpty in public, but, as was noted long ago, not all the king's horses and all the king's men can put Humpty-Dumpty together again. We observe a man homesick for an aristocratic society which is his neither by birth nor heritage; which, in fact (regrettably perhaps), has ceased to exist. He is a proponent of classicism swayed by the most whimsical and idiosyncratic vagaries of taste and performance. He is the advocate of a kind of humanism in which no trace of humanity can be found.

Eliot should never have been on the committee in the first place. An Englishman to the manor born would have declined to participate. Unless our ancestors made a grave mistake, and I have no doubt there are members of the committee who think they did, Eliot is a foreigner. He gave up this country in favor of one he liked better. That is a question of taste. But it does not seem quite cricket to move away from the house that had the plumtree in the backyard and then return for the plums. Many of his willing helpers, however, would agree with him that his present home is much more elegant and that he should be deferred to.

Eliot undoubtedly wielded great influence in an award which, under the auspices of the Library of Congress, degraded American poetry and insulted her dead. Unless he resigns, he might well have the next nine Bollingen awards in his grasp. And who, incidentally, appoints the Fellows in American Letters that so many come from the exponents and idols of the "new criticism"? Most important of all, is it proper or legal for such a group to exist, appointed privately, even secretly, yet speaking openly under the authority of the American Congress?

What is to be done? The 1949 Bollingen Award is a permanent disgrace and cannot be expunged. But preventive measures against a similar choice can be taken. The first step would seem to be for the expatriate T. S. Eliot to be dropped from the jury.

Robert Hillyer's second and concluding article, "T. S. Eliot and the 'New Criticism'," will appear in the next issue of The Saturday Review.



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strange relationship with Askwani, and Askwani's still stranger relationship with the dead Ewen, are memorable as a picture of life in the Indian Nation before the disruption by warring forces of North and South, and underscore the whole significance of the novel as a portrayal of the lives of whites and Indians at mid-century a hundred years ago—the fusing of bloods and cultures, the attitudes that prevailed among whites and the Indians of the civilized tribes, and the whole slow, confused emergence of a new American type. This is certainly the most original contribution of Mr. Davis's novel, and for this it may be remembered longest.

In B'klyn a Pleasure

GO FIGHT CITY HALL. By Ethel Rosenberg. New York: Simon & Schuster. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THERE are certain things you have to have in a story about Jews in Brooklyn or in The Bronx, the poor ones who live in the dark walk-up apartments and wrestle (in joyful stubbornness) with the mechanics of this wonderful new civilization: the radiators, electricity, the subway, the post office, even the landlord. You must first have the language they speak. *Not*, I hasten to add, the gross exaggerations, not the cheap vaudeville trick of exploiting mispronunciation (vell, I'm taaling you, mine frand) for a quick, hard laugh. That isn't funny because it isn't true. But there is truth and humor both in the true talk that is set down so accurately by Ethel Rosenberg, who has certainly a poetic ear: "If you know Mr. Pasternak then you know already how he feels about the BMT, what a subway that is, a blessing on all the engineers' heads—listen to this—Mr. Pasternak even likes the rush hour! You hear?" And hear Mr. Pasternak himself on the IRT. "That's also a train? Where does such a train go, tell me? So I'll tell you where. To The Bronx with the hills a man needs an iron heart to walk up and down." There it is, that wonderful approximation of English imbued with the Jewish spirit, the old intonations inside the new consonants, the new words singing the old syntax. It sounds as you read, it calls to be read aloud, if you can find a reader who can give the words their authentic comic cadences.

The second thing you must have is that essential set of salty characters who appear and reappear, with whatever local variations, in every tight little Jewish circle. There must be one such as the naive and irrepressible Uncle Julius Pasternak; and there must be Kugel the landlord, that sullen, unhappy man, the Caliban of Jewish life. And if the landlord is Caliban, then there is also Puck, the man in the spattered overalls and flour-bag cap, the acid-tongued individual free of all law or discipline—the paintner. (The "n" is indigenous. It is practically written on his union card.) He works on the bedroom ceiling, singing, slapping the ceiling. "Please," Mr. Pasternak calls, "Can a man hear himself think?" "A thinker," the painter calls back. "So, Mr. Thinker, what are you thinking about?" He comes down from the ladder and marches into the living room. "Oh," he says. "You are writing a letter." Mr. Pasternak looks at the painter coldly and says, "A man must

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have a little peace when he is writing a letter to Einstein." "*Einstein*! Hooh hah!" the painter says. "There is a man with a head on his shoulder—" I wish I could quote this scene further, but it had better be read. There are others, like Morris Bonzelman the ideal tenant, and Aunt Esther who comes for an afternoon and stays three weeks, and Mrs. Rivkin who takes a personal interest in the theatre. These are the stuff of Jewish life, and in their speech and in their actions Mrs. Rosenberg has caught them in the very throes of living.

It happens that Mrs. Rosenberg felt she must write a novel about these people, and a novel would have to have a nice youthful romance somewhere in it. Therefore she wrote that, too, setting against this marvelous comic background a couple of lovers named Howie and Hannah. It really does no harm. They get in the way some of the time, but they cannot dampen the spirits of the older, wiser, and more interesting people about them, nor can they dampen ours. They are two generations away from Pasternak and the paintner, one from the Rivkins and the Bonzelmans, and by that distance are paler, lacking in folk vigor, more indistinguishable from the faceless city crowd. They speak a better English, too. Read "Go Fight City Hall" for the sound and spirit, the wit and cantankerousness of Jews without money.

Medieval, Fabulous Lovers

TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE. By Ruth Collier Sharpe. New York: Greenberg Publisher. 785 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

FOR some seven or eight hundred years, scores of writers and numberless readers have warmed their imaginations at the fire kindled by Tristram's and Isolt of Ireland's fateful love. The variations of their story, in which another Isolt is so deeply involved, are many and widely differing; for, from the days of Tomas and Béroul down to those of Hardy and Edwin Arlington Robinson, each writer who has become enamoured of the tale has taken it for his own and told it as he chose, giving its leading characters new moves on the chessboard of their tragic drama. So Ruth Collier Sharpe is exercising a well-established privilege when she again tells the immortal story and manipulates its actors according to her own artistic lights.

Her Tristram is all that he should be, and perhaps more. Not only has he the qualities and talents that have caused him to be called the Admirable Crichton of the Middle Ages, but he anticipates Copernican cosmology and Francis Bacon's empirical approach to truth; he is many centuries ahead of modern medicine in tracing plague to rats and fleas; he appears to be in touch with the Indies long before Henry the Navigator begins to send his mariners eastward; and he is a great brewer and drinker of tea—although other inhabitants of the British Isles have to wait until the middle of the seventeenth century to enjoy what is now a national beverage. This Tristram is a very perfect knight, superior to all anachronisms. Isolt of Ireland, adored by and adoring him, is beautiful beyond words; and Isolt of Brittany, adoring but not adored, is an indescribable beauty of another type.

The drama is played out against a political background (Lyonesse, Cornwall, Ireland, Camelot, Surleon, Brittany, Rome) that is highly complicated and full of exciting possibilities. Great duels are fought, magic works its spells, and the dreadful Dragon of Mel Morna is slain in terrible combat by our hero. There is much feasting and celebrating in halls, castles, and palaces that are remarkably full of pomp and circumstance, jewels, lavish costumes, bibelots, wolfhounds, weapons, works of art, and triumphs of interior decoration.

The author is tireless in her descriptions, and sparing of no detail. We move through a world which seems more closely related to the popes and rulers of the Italian Renaissance, and to Haroun al Raschid, than to Mark of Cornwall and Arthur Pendragon. Scene follows scene, and speech follows speech in language both plain and fancy, but the fancy is preferred.

Despite all the eloquence, despite all the recorded deeds, the story never moves, nor does the reader's blood. The whole book is static—as still as a heavy tapestry in a windless room. We read of passion, but we do not feel it. We hope from page to page that interest will quicken, but boredom grows.

I sincerely hope that my report on "Tristram of Lyonesse" is a minority report. For there is no pleasure in speakingly unfavorably of a book on which so much sincere labor has so obviously been spent. This is an instance when I should much rather be wrong than right.

Anti-Comintern Plot

A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT. By Judith Kelly. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 277 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

IF it were true that there existed in Soviet Russia today a great and growing party of revolutionists against the Communist Government, actuated by a profound religious belief; if it were true that representatives of that group were at present in the United States for the purpose of convincing peace-loving Americans that they should combine forces to support the United Nations and defeat the militaristic minded of both nations, then that would be news of the first importance to everybody.

It is the message contained in this novel. The whole difficulty is that it is a novel and not truth. It is impossible to take completely seriously, therefore, a piece of fiction of such obvious wishful thinking, written as it is with an elaborate flowing style reminiscent of the elegant spy-dramas of the late E. Phillips Oppenheim and a kind of passionately sincere innocence. One can only say, "It is the greatest pity that Judith Kelly had to make this up."

As fiction, no matter how sincere, it fails to convince. There is that strong Oppenheim touch, ambassadors tall and distinguished in white ties, many American-millionaire baronial settings, glowering and tricky Russians, cat-footed servant spies, and the threat, which immediate action alone will prevent, of war between USSR and USA if the Black Flags come boiling out of Khourasan.

If the nations, like American citizens, would consent to be governed for peace, then, unquestionably, we would have peace. Judith Kelly's problem is all our problem, how to get USSR and USA to consent, within the limited powers of the United Nations, to be mutually governed for peace. She does not answer that problem. Her peace-loving revolutionaries, in her novel, are taken prisoners by the Soviets and are returned to Russia for inevitable torture and death.

The hero, the international-minded son of the fire-eating American Senator Wilson, fails in his political campaign and retires to nonentity, while the Soviet representatives and the American State Department continue their policies of suspicion, aggression, and watchfulness.

There is enough realism in the situation to make us all think twice, which may be after all Judith Kelly's whole purpose.

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Countrywide Sampling

U. S. STORIES: Regional Stories from the Forty-eight States. Selected by Martha Foley and Abraham Rothberg. New York. Farrar, Straus. 683 pp. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM PEDEN

THE idea underlying the present anthology—to reflect the flavor and feeling of life as lived by the natives of our forty-eight states and the District of Columbia—is certainly a praiseworthy one. It is interesting to reflect that, with the notable exception of Poe, many of our most distinguished writers of short fiction from Irving and Hawthorne to Faulkner and Welty have been at their best when concerned with local, sectional, or regional material. It is necessary, however, to recall that largely literary trash has been produced by the writer relying upon local color or regional elements as an end in itself.

It is to Miss Foley's and Mr. Rothberg's credit that they have compiled a highly readable collection of stories. By the very nature of their scheme, however, they have from the outset ventured out rather far upon quite a shaky limb. It is difficult, for example, to accept as "regional" a story like Dorothy Canfield's "The Murder on Jefferson Street," which represents Vermont in this anthology. Like most enduring fiction, this tragedy of small-town jealousies is concerned with problems not uncommon to most people regardless of the times in which they live. It suggests or illuminates, in short, the universal through the use of the specific or individual. Its characters, the situation and the incidents which constitute the plot, the setting and theme are characteristic of no specific state or region. Particularly, in no sense is the fate of the characters determined by sectional or regional environment. The story could have as its setting, as the author herself has stated, "the less expensive part of any American large town, small city." The same might be said of several of the stories in this collection. Certain other stories, like Hemingway's "Wine of Wyoming," seem to have been included primarily because they have their setting within certain states less blessed with literary talent than others, and thereby serve the purpose of rounding the volume to completion.

In spite of such inherent weaknesses, "U. S. Stories" is one of the best recent anthologies of American short fiction. Collectively speaking, these stories succeed dramatically in suggesting the vastness and variety of American life, and the very considerable achievement of American short-story writers of the last three decades. Many of the selections have already become familiar anthology pieces. Here, for example, are Erskine Caldwell's "The People *vs.* Abe Lathan, Colored," James Thurber's "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," Sherwood Anderson's "The Teacher," William Faulkner's "That Evening Sun Go Down," Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's "Benny and the Bird-Dogs," and John Steinbeck's "The Red Pony" (one is tempted to wonder what crowded a Stephen Vincent Benét or a Eudora Welty story from this familiar group). Such favorites are more than balanced by a surprisingly large number of lesser-known but memorable stories including John Peale Bishop's "If Only," David Thibault's "A Woman like Dilsie," Vardis Fisher's "The Scarecrow," Wallace Stegner's "Chip off the Old Block," and a wonderful little expanded incident by a writer completely unknown to this reviewer, "Kansas Afternoon," by Sanora Babb. And it is good to see again in print stories like Pietro di Donato's agonized "Christ in Concrete" and Jesse Stuart's nostalgic "Dawn of Remembered Spring."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 311

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 311 will be found in the next issue.

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Personal History.

Over most men and women who have reached the middle years or gone beyond, the day before yesterday exerts a perennial fascination—a fact recognized by our publishers, who each season see that they are plentifully supplied with books recounting nostalgically remembered childhoods. Unexceptional boyhoods like those H. L. Mencken recaptured in "Happy Days" and Clarence Day recalled in "Life with Father" hold their charms because they offer the ordinary reader a chance to recognize something of himself and his own experience. For other readers the exotic is more enchanting. The governesses, the country estates, the trappings of royalty, the sounds and smells so unfamiliar to most Americans are some of the fairy-tale ingredients of Nicholas Monsarrat's recent "My Brother Denys" and Jeanne Saleil's "A House in the Cevennes," and of the books reviewed here: Anne-Marie Callimachi's story of a Rumanian girlhood, "Yesterday Was Mine," and Lawrence Hanson's tale of an English youth, "Shining Morning Face."

Memories of a Princess & a Lonely Lad

YESTERDAY WAS MINE. By Princess Anne-Marie Callimachi. New York: Whittlesey House. 267 *pp.* $3.50.

SHINING MORNING FACE. By Lawrence Hanson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 256 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

IF THE comics are the "marijuana of the nursery," then reminiscences, particularly of crowned heads and glittering European nobility, are fairy tales for today's adults. While reason and conscience push us farther and farther into the age of the common man, princely dissipation and feudal living, titled scandals and entertaining on the grand scale still hold us as absorbed as children pressing their noses on the cold glass of a Christmas toy-shop window.

Princess Callimachi's memoirs, written with detachment and without bitterness, give us a spirited picture of what it meant to be young, rich, and Rumanian in the glamorous days before the First World War. A lonely, motherless little girl, acutely observant even at an early age, she was always aware of the divergent influences of her inheritance and environment. The Rumanian contrasts of violent cold in winter and unbearable summer heat were matched by extremes of temperament. The lives of the poorer classes of "green, religious, smiling Bucharest," where she was born, were primitive and simple, those of her own class patterned as nearly as possible on Paris. Two houses were linked with her earliest memories: "Maneshti, the ancient family seat, dignified and haunted," and the "Bucharest villa, more bourgeois, even slightly nouveau riche." Each of them typified the family lines, which met and clashed in small Anne-Marie—the long, distinguished succession of warriors, diplomats, and spendthrifts, brilliant and superficial, behind her father, "le beau Radu" Varcaresco; and the obscure, financially astute Greek forebears from whom came her large personal fortune.

Into a fascinating web of memory Princess Callimachi weaves vivid details which recreate a vanished way of life, vast family gatherings on country estates, peasant life in the villages, international scandals and intrigues. Her own fascinating stories are augmented by tales with which her grandmother must have held her spellbound as a child, of diplomatic life in the courts of Europe, and legendary beauties, Princess Anna Murat, Marie Clary, Princess Bonaparte-Demidoff, and Princess Pauline Metternich. It was these friendships, carefully kept up, which opened so many doors to the young Vacaresco heiress when she in her turn was sent off to Paris to begin her social life and to enter the marriage market.

By no means the least fascinating chapter of the book deals with this international market, with the young heiress's level-headed choice of a husband with whom she was to spend thirty years of happy marriage ended only by death.

Princess Callimachi's memoirs end as she packs to follow her husband to France on a mission in 1916. Her publishers tell us that, her property having been confiscated in 1940 by the present Rumanian Government, she is now a resident of the United

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States. Her yesterdays will divert and interest all who share them in the pages of this book. And her readers will salute the valiant spirit with which she faces her tomorrows.

* * *

IN 1938 Mr. Hanson published the first volume of his projected "Life of S. T. Coleridge"; interrupted, like so much serious study, by the war years, his research has been superseded temporarily by "Shining Morning Face," an autobiographical record of his own childhood.

Writers who embark upon a record of childhood, rather than a complete autobiography, usually do so in a mood of a pleasant nostalgia. They are apt to convince their readers that while we are doing so much to improve the health and education of the child, all the conditions which give scope to his inner life are against him in today's existence. It is usually left to the biographer to chronicle the unhappy childhood and to point the modern moral of inhibitions, frustrations, and repressions.

By choosing to write his childhood story in the third person, while limiting himself, as much as is humanly possible, to a child's viewpoint, Mr. Hanson has made things somewhat confusing for the reader. For while one may accept some arbitrary period (in this case nine years) recalled with affection, an impersonal, objective approach immediately provokes a desire for explanations, to know how the adult grew from such beginnings.

"Shining Morning Face" is the story of Lance, born, we may assume, sometime early in this century, living in the residential suburbs of an English town with his father and mother, his sister, Vesta, and a group of devoted servants. The large house, the lavish parties, the horses and carriages, the charming governess who opens to the little boy that world of art and literature which is later to be his natural climate, all would seem to imply a life of comfortable security. But the adults of Lance's family are as depressing as can be imagined—the father loud, vulgar, constantly plunging his young son into one abyss of embarrassment after another, confident that money can buy anything he or his children may want; the mother silent, menacingly aloof, loving her son but unable ever to give him the demonstrative affection he so anxiously craves; uncles and cousins either jealous or scornful of his father's latest splurging folly. Only his paternal grandfather, a wise and comfortable country man, is an understanding, but infrequently glimpsed element in the little boy's world.

Against this grim background we can form a heartbreaking picture of Lance himself—one of those little boys who seems to have been snatched too soon from the egg, always half-asleep, always hungry, never quite tidy, always confused and in trouble. Only from the servants does he get affection and information, and that only in surreptitious snatches. The culminating incident of the book, resulting in his being sent away to boarding school, will make even the most hard-boiled reader cringe, for the child, by a happy inspiration of his insensitive father, is left to sit with a dipsomaniac and degenerate uncle while his father seeks a nurse.

"Shining Morning Face" leaves one with a definite conviction that if children wish to settle old scores with their parents, it is less uncomfortable all around to have it done under the tactful guise of fiction.

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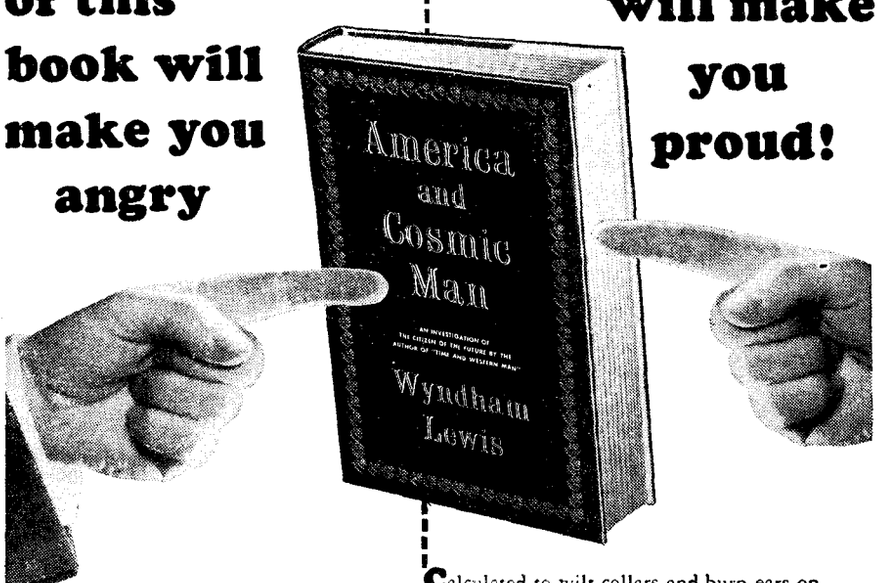

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DOUBLEDAY

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Films in Public Libraries

SOME people are still surprised at the thought of public libraries circulating 16mm. films along with books and reference materials. In the raised-eyebrow department the questions run something like this: Why? Does it work? What developments do you see in the future?

The "why" is simple. It is a part of the philosophy of the modern librarian. He believes that the library must become a people's communication center using all the new as well as the old tools to meet new and complex demands facing us, and to give the pleasure which comes with the sharing of experiences and events.

As librarians prepare to meet the needs of today's community which must grapple with the implications of atomic energy, vote with intelligence on matters of worldwide import, and achieve insight and perspective on socio-economic problems which lie painfully close to home, they are finding the use of the informational and documentary film effective and dramatic—a powerful ally with which to reach many thousands in the adult community.

Does it work? The emphatic answer from every community which has such 16mm. film lending service at its fingertips is yes. During the month of March 1949, the spring test period for which the ALA collected film statistics, fifty-six public libraries reported that their films were shown 32,554 times to 1,579,380 people. These fifty-six libraries own 7,292 films and have a current budget of $141,820 with which to purchase new films in 1949 exclusive of gifts, deposits, foundation grants, and appropriations for personnel and equipment.

Statistics at best are cold. What about the films and the people who use them? The collections cover a variety of subjects with emphasis upon the great issues of our day—current affairs, human relations, atomic power, international relations, foreign trade, labor-management relations, and public health. As the growing libraries are able to meet the most pressing demands, they tend to broaden their coverage to include motion pictures on child care, psychology for lay groups, films on music, art, and the crafts, religious and children's films, travelogues, and training pictures.

Almost all of the public library film departments find certain films to be timeless, and great titles like "The River," "The City," "Boundary Lines," and the "Brotherhood of Man" appear in nearly every collection; while specific interests peculiar to the locale show up in the films on the Northwest and Alaska in the Seattle Public Library, industrial training and human relations in the Cleveland Film Bureau, and rural health and safety in the Missouri State Library's traveling circuit of films.

The people who use the films come from all professions and represent many interests. In Missouri an elderly farmer in blue jeans asked the bookmobile librarian to show a film on Russia, because, he said, "How can I be a good farmer unless I know how all the people in the world live?"

In Elyria, Ohio, the police department wrote on their film report for "The Feeling of Rejection": "Very interesting and educational to the police department. Mental hygiene films are important. Let's have more of them."

The director of a big city's Urban League, the leader of a small Grange, the supervisor of nursing in a hospital, each has a distinct use for specific films—each can give an illuminating comment on the film's use and contribution.

THE story of how this business of circulating films on a library card works is as fascinating and varied as are the cities in which such service is available. Many different levels exist. The Boston Public Library opened the doors of its new Film Department as recently as April 1, while in Milwaukee a veteran staff gets out more than 4,000 films a month to its churches and clubs. In Nashville the first purchase order for forty prints was placed last month, and in Cincinnati a now well-established automatic routine between the library and the social agencies assures careful supervision for all showings of such films as "Meeting Emotional Needs in Childhood" and "The Feeling of Hostility." In Detroit the library's Audio-Visual Department and the Merrill Palmer School have the film program "To Help You to Understand Your Child" running simultaneously in ten neighborhood branches. In Seattle the library's latest film discussion groups were designed to demonstrate the usefulness of films to businessmen, whereas in Gary the library's current project is cooperation with the schools and other interested groups in a film festival which will showcase a dozen or more important films for community leaders. In Peoria there is a new device to ease the mechanics of getting films—a drive-in "pick-up window" and a night "film return chute" in the main library. In Dallas there is sponsorship of a training program for a group of doctors' wives who will lead parent discussions on the new sex education films.

In every one of the public libraries it means careful planning to gear film service to the community's living is-

—*Dallas Public Library.*

Films on your library card.

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sues, and it means thoughtful selection and constant promotion through all possible channels.

The latter cannot really be difficult since the reception of such local service into a community is usually accompanied by overwhelming enthusiasm and gratitude. Not only do film users advertise the service by word-of-mouth but spontaneous offers of help and financial assistance are often made. Such groups as ministerial associations, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, service clubs like Rotary, local cancer control or anti-TB units frequently come forward with sums of money or with films to give to the central fund or collection which, through the public library, belong to everyone.

After this service is established any interested citizen may receive assistance in program planning, advice on selection of the best film for his purpose, and upon presentation of his library card together with the necessary information about proper equipment, may then "draw out" a film to take home under his arm along with a play, a biography, or perhaps a recording of his favorite symphony.

It is dangerous to attempt to play the prophet. But some signs are clear. Internal changes in professional training and attitudes are involved. People who are going to select and guide the use of the full scale of informational materials will have to have adequate training to enable them to do this intelligently and with vigor.

For you, the user of film, there is the possibility that within the foreseeable future, local, regional, and/or statewide film distribution networks may be made possible. This involves many things. The population and income levels of the individual library are the two most important factors to consider. As we work toward larger, more adequate units of library service, and gain experience in co-operative *regional* service the opportunities for realizing widespread grass-roots film availability become proportionately greater.

That is why the two experimental film circulation projects in Northern Ohio and in the State of Missouri, made possible through grants from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, are so exciting. In them we have a testing ground for the joint purchase and use of films by families of small- and medium-sized local libraries clustered around a parent library with a reservoir film collection. One test is being conducted in a highly populated industrial and urban area, another in a rural state where bookmobiles carry the projectors and films across the great rivers into farming country and up into the hills to isolated groups. In the Northern Ohio area, where this bringing of documentary and informational films into the adult community sprang to life very quickly within an already existing film framework in Cleveland, the results have been phenomenal. The participating libraries in ten adjacent towns unanimously report that within the first three or four days of every month the new group of films is booked solid—by the churches, the Y's, the Scouts, settlement houses, men's clubs, parent-teacher associations, public health nurses, and so on. In such a situation the films do not reach a saturation point in any one place, and each library receives a new selection of films each month.

Greater accessibility is bound to be followed by generally better use. For with the growth of practical experience in the field, backed up by research in the universities we should see a steady rise both in expert use of films and in taste. Development of a discerning eye, on the part of large groups, for the complex art of the cinema will inevitably result in a demand for better quality. It is not likely that people who have seriously viewed a "Louisiana Story," a "Loon's Necklace," and a "Seeds of Destiny," or who have been consistently exposed to the kinds of films made by such observers and creators as Flaherty, Willard Van Dyke, John Grierson, Julien Bryan, Irving Jacoby, or Raymond Spottiswoode will ever again be really satisfied with pedantic or trite film treatment.

Since we neither live nor work in vacuums, neither does any individual, institution, or agency work alone in the film field. Films are made by groups of people; they are seen and enjoyed by groups of people drawn together through mutual interests or banded together in a community film council or in a film society.

You can use your library's films on your club programs, in your church, in your homes, as part of your civic programs. Ask your library about such service. The librarian in Sandusky, Ohio, said after the first two months of film lending, "We are all just bursting with enthusiasm over the regional project and how we can use the films effectively. Once more we would like to tell you how lucky we think we are to be a part of this demonstration." Many other public libraries are only waiting for the public interest and financial support which alone can make new services possible.

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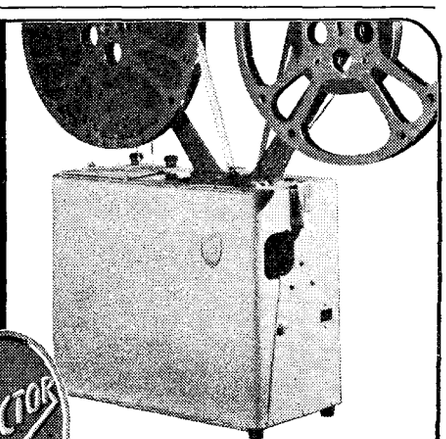

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collections in your community, or for other reasons it is not feasible for the library to circulate films, it may serve as a film information center where film indexes, evaluations, study guides, and current periodicals such as *SRL, Film News, Business Screen, Educational Screen, See and Hear*, and the *Adult Education Journal* will keep you up to date on new releases each month.

Your library can work with the American Library Association, which through the Film Service made possible by a Carnegie grant, is providing information and advisory services. It can walk hand in hand with the school, university, and industrial film groups, most of whom have a rich experience of years in the visual field.

Here then are some of the foundation stones upon which will rest the extension of universal liberal education, and there are still newer developments coming up rapidly. Television is already an everyday part of the life of some libraries. In Louisville the public library has two large screen receivers in the main building and one small set in each branch. The recent organization of the University Film Producers Association, whose growing production units are counterparts of the university press, has tremendous long-range significance. The experiments which the traditional classroom film companies are making with new patterns, and the interesting correlations which one text-book company is making between its books and a fine series of text-films are important innovations. The fact that for the first time a film, a 16mm. documentary, sponsored film, "Louisiana Story," was recognized as an art form by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, is a great honor for the field. In addition to this, the score of "Louisiana Story" was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for music, the first time any music written for a motion picture has been so honored.

There have been many firsts this year; they add up to an active present and point to a rewarding future. But one important thing to remember is that these developments are interrelated. An advance for one group is an advance for all, and each brings closer the day when you can get the right film at the right place at the right time. —PATRICIA BLAIR.

Patricia Blair was graduated from Western Reserve University School of Library Science in 1940. *Since* 1947 *she has been film advisor for the American Library Association, a position made possible by a special Carnegie grant, recently extended for an additional two years.*

The Film Forum

RECREATION FOR HEALTH

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

THE CENTRE

Made for the British Foreign Office, in cooperation with members and staff of the Pioneer Health Centre, Peckham, London, S.E. 15. Produced by Paul Rotha; written and directed by J. B. Holmes. Available from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20. Rental: $3.75. (22 mins.)

In this age of highly specialized activities, the non-specialist needs help in understanding important new scientific developments and their significance in his daily living. Technical reports, by their nature, mean little to the general public; and their popularized versions are often misleading. The documentary film stands out as the one medium especially suited to the job of presenting this kind of information interestingly and compactly.

"The Centre" does such a job. First of all, it tells the story of a young married woman and the special problems which prevent her from enjoying a healthy life. And it shows how, with the assistance of trained workers at the Pioneer Health Centre, she is eventually able to overcome her difficulties and experience good health.

But the main offering of the film is its insight into the fascinating research project behind this story. The Centre was started over a decade ago, privately financed and staffed with specialists ranging from biologists to social workers. Its purpose—to study the positive attributes of health.

Located in a neighborhood of working people, the Centre offers its members facilities for almost every kind of recreation. Membership is open to family groups for a small weekly fee, and includes periodic medical examinations. As often as they like, members may go to the Centre to enjoy its swimming pool, gym, social dancing, and other activities, undisturbed by the staff observing them from behind glass partitions. In this way valuable information is collected about the inter-relationship between physical health and happy personal and family living.

Both the narrative and the factual portions of the film are presented in a warm and absorbing manner. The acting, particularly the role of the young housewife, is very well done. "The Centre" is an excellent example of what documentary films can do.

FITNESS IS A FAMILY AFFAIR

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and available from its office at 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20. Rental: $2.50. (19 mins.)

Most people who do not know how to enjoy their home and community life lack opportunities for help provided by organizations such as the Peckham Centre. Without help these people are apt to remain unaware of the causes of their restlessness, loneliness, and fatigue.

In this film, for example, Ed Logan and his family spend most of their time and energy making life unpleasant for each other. Left to themselves the Logans probably would never change. But fortunately for them, the Joneses next door are a happy family, and the spirit of cooperation which characterizes work and leisure hours in their household gradually infects the neighbors.

From the rumpus room in Sam Jones's basement we see evolve the idea for a community workshop and recreation center. Naturally enough, grumpy Ed Logan gets interested despite himself, and his transition to a more active and pleasant person is easily credible in view of the hum of interesting activity which has surrounded him. Family life at the Logans becomes more enjoyable too, as a result of this cooperative community undertaking.

A lot of food for thought and activity is packed into this nineteen-minute film, and many audiences should be inspired to get started on their own projects of this kind. Some situations in the film, particularly in the Jones's happy, happy home, are overdone, but the dreary Logans are just about perfect.

A MODERN GUIDE TO HEALTH

Produced by Halas Batchelor for the British Ministry of Health. Available from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20. Rental: $1.25. (10 mins.)

This delightful cartoon manages to give some good health rules and make them seem worth following, even to the laziest person. In episodic form it considers the need for outdoor exercise and activity away from city smoke and dirt; it urges clothing properly geared to weather and comfort; and gives some tips for safeguarding against insomnia.

The animation has a pleasant and glowing style of its own, and the film is cleverly persuasive. Highly recommended for working adults.

WHEN ALL THE PEOPLE PLAY

National Film Board of Canada, (see above). Rental: $3.50. (26 mins.)

Complete story of the planning, staffing, and activities of a community recreation program.

PLAYTOWN U.S.A.

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Step-by-step plans in organizing and running a public-sponsored recreation program.

—CECILE STARR.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN SONATA #1 IN D, OP. 12. Szigeti: Horzowski. *With* SCHUBERT: SONATA #1 IN D, OP. 137. Szigeti; Foldes. Columbia *LP*: ML 4133 (1) (*Separately, on 78 rpm.*)	The Beethoven new, the Schubert prewar; marked diff. in the highs. Good liveness and balance in both, though violin is rather close. (In the B. Szigeti *breathes* audibly throughout!) Schubert dubbing a bit unsteady, B. is excellent.	Two fine sonatas, the Schubert especially. Szigeti has acquired a bad wobble in the Beethoven, not present in the older recording, but both are highly musical, with excellent piano cooperation.
MENDELSSOHN: SYMPHONY #4 ("ITALIAN"). Cleveland Orch., Szell. Columbia *LP*: ML 4127 *Also*: MM 733 (3)	Sharper, closer, dryer sound than Koussevitzky's Boston version. Better highs here, but the Boston has a better sound musically; it's smooth and golden.	An intense, somewhat rough performance, nice as a change from urbanity. But Koussevitzky's beautiful strings, impeccable rhythm and ensemble make his (RCA DM 1259) preferable.

TAPE BONANZA

THE Toscanini "Aida" broadcast this spring was a milestone in yet another revolution. During those brief hours dozens of the new tape recorders turned busily in homes and studios. Today, without benefit of the recording industry, nor with broadcasters' permission, complete taped "Aidas," long playing, some of them with FM quality gorgeous beyond belief, are bringing fabulous offers in a new and exciting collectors' gray market. The tape collector is with us.

Though most of the "Aidas" (and countless other items piling up every week) were made legitimately for private use, with such enticing rarities available it is too much to expect that tape collecting will remain platonic. Cash is bound to be involved, deviously and dubiously. Laws governing such matters have never been clearly interpreted. Questions of broadcasters' and performers' rights, of copyright and jurisdiction are involved. Disc recording needs so much skill and attention (for continuous play two machines are required) and is so expensive that dubbing and air recording have never before assumed much importance.

But tape is a different proposition. As of this year, anything—broadcast, "live," or copied from records—can be taken down uninterrupted with the greatest of ease at the push of a button. Acetate "instantaneous" records are quickly worn out, but this tape can be played thousands of times or erased and used again. Copies are simple, without harm to the original.

This column will later elaborate on the rapid tape developments since a year ago. Suffice it to say now that in this time it has assumed tremendous importance in every aspect of the recording art; with one major exception: commercially sold recordings. (The "tape record" will almost certainly appear on a small scale, but its cost precludes mass competition with existing discs.) Radio has been widely invaded; many programs are now "played" from tape. Moreover, the major record companies without publicity have adopted tape in large areas of their activities; much of the music you hear on your new records is actually sound-on-tape, transferred to discs. Home tape machines are burgeoning now, mechanically simpler and more solid than the earlier models, with better quality for less money.

Why buy records when you can collect broadcasts free, often with superb quality? Why buy records when you can copy them as played on the air—high fidelity, with the breaks neatly patched together? Why buy records when you can copy your neighbor's collection onto tape, for free? These are dangerous questions and real ones as the small and growing number of tape enthusiasts know. All these things are being done now. Is this a bona fide bonanza?

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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ANIMALS AND BIRDS OF 1949

ANIMALS have been very much in the news of Manhattan lately. At the Greenwich Village Pet Show forty-one ribbons were awarded to dogs, among them Charles, who had the distinction of being the longest dog with the shortest legs. The annual circus parade and engagement have come and gone. Eight elephants, on their way from Madison Square Garden to Bellevue Hospital to entertain the children, held up the traffic on Fifth Avenue, to the wrath of some bus and taxi drivers and the philosophic amusement of others. The elephants were unimpressed and the passerby, being a New Yorker, took it in his stride. Up in The Bronx the opening of the farm in the zoo held various sophisticated citizens in a trance of interest while cows were milked, first by electricity and then by a farmer's wife, sheep were herded by trained sheep dogs, and hens refused to lay eggs. Three baby elephants arrived from Siam by plane and provided excitement and entertainment for the staff at La Guardia Field. The baby camel at the Central Park Zoo became the year's most popular animal. It seems a good time to review some of the year's books about animals.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE SILVER QUEST. By Elizabeth Bleecker Meigs. Drawings by Frederick C. Chapman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 173 *pp.* $2.50.

THERE is a moving quality to this story of the fabulous silver stallion, a descendant of the Arab horse that Cortés brought to Mexico, and of little Chela, who lived with her grandfather on the Laredo Trail south of the Rio Grande. Chela had heard the legend of the silver stallion and, for a fiesta gift, her grandfather had given her a tiny silver horse springing from an ebony base. To Chela the horse was a symbol of the quest for freedom that old Domocienda had explained to her before he died. Then, one night alone on the desert, Chela saw the silver stallion, running wild and free in the moonlight. As their relationship develops Chela learns the real meaning of freedom and of service to others. She is an appealing character and there are some dramatic moments in her story. In both text and pictures the stallion is a memorable figure.

COWBOY SMALL. By Lois Lenski. New York: Oxford University Press. No paging. $1.

The popular Mr. Small, who has been the hero of other picture books for the very young, appears here as a cowboy with a horse named Cactus. His story is printed in gray and a bright reddish brown. It was a "runner up" for the *Herald Tribune* Award.

HORSES, HORSES, HORSES. Selected by Phyllis Fenner. Illustrated by Pers Crowell. New York: Franklin Watts. 285 *pp.* $2.50.

An anthology that brings together all sorts and kinds of horses, some selected from well-known stories, some from magazines. It includes writers like Will James, Ernest Thompson Seton, Stephen Meader, Colonel Meek, and C. W. Anderson.

HORSES OF DESTINY. By Fairfax Downey and Paul Brown. With Pen-and-Ink Illustrations by Paul Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 186 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an unusual book and one that will have a strong appeal to lovers of horses. It is a collection of short stories of the famous horses of history, beginning with Alexander the Great's horse, Bucephalus, and ending with Man o' War and Citation. There are forty-nine stories and each is illustrated with a full-page sketch by an artist who is famous for his drawings of horses. It is an ideal gift for older boys and girls.

PETER'S PINTO: A Story of Utah. By Mary and Conrad Buff. New York: The Viking Press. 96 *pp.* $2.

Peter spends the summer on a ranch with his aunt and uncle and his cousin, Doug. He learns to ride and to use a lariat, and the day finally comes when he goes out on the desert to capture a wild horse for himself. A story for younger boys of the ranch country, with fascinating end-papers and full-page drawings in black and white.

KENTUCKY DERBY WINNER. By Isabel McLennan McMeekin. Illustrations by Corinne Dillon. Philadelphia: David McKay. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

This should have been reviewed last month, when the seventy-fifth Kentucky Derby was run, because it is the story of the first Kentucky Derby and the horse, Risty, who won it. A large part of its charm lies, however, in the two human characters, little Jack Spratt and his grandfather, Big Jack the trainer, and in the atmosphere of the Bluegrass Country and its people. It would be hard to find a better horse story than this one, which is history as well as fiction.

TAFFY'S FOAL. By Elisa Bialk. Illustrated by William Moyers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 180 *pp.* $2.25.

The scene of this story is a farm house near Louisville, Ky., and Chicago. Its heroine is ten-year-old Nancy Irwin, who was brought up on her grandmother's farm but went to live in Chicago when her father married again. Taffy, Nancy's beloved mare, soon followed them and was "boarded out" on a farm on the outskirts of the city. But when Taffy's foal was born, the mare died. It was a blow to Nancy, but she learned to adjust herself not only to her stepmother and life in a city, but to Taffy's foal instead of Taffy herself. The chapter that tells of the Chicago horse show and of Nancy winning a blue ribbon riding a completely strange horse is a brave record of one little girl's courage and intelligence.

VIKING DOG. By Glenn Balch. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 147 *pp.* $2.25.

The almost epic story of a Norwegian elkhound who was born in a kennel but became, through circumstances, a creature of the wild. He is finally tamed again by an understanding man. The value of the story lies in its convincing analysis of a dog's nature, in Olaf's feelings, his struggle for survival, his courage, and his fears. The background, with the native birds and animals, is vividly drawn. For an end-paper Baul Bransom has made a fine drawing of Olaf against the snow-covered hills.

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GREAT HUSKY. By Edward B. Tracy. Illustrated by Victor Dowling. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 273 *pp.* $2.75.

Alaska, the husky, is born at sea and is stolen from Captain Mac, the master of the schooner. He finally reaches Juneau and is found by Danny, the boy hero of the story. Again Alaska is stolen and in the wilderness he mates with White Cloud, who is half dog, half wolf. Again Danny finds him and the story ends with Alaska happy and secure.

HANDY OF THE TRIPLE S. By Genevieve Torrey Eames. Illustrated by Paul Brown. New York: Julian Messner. 164 *pp.* $2.50.

The story of a collie who is sent from Connecticut kennels to a ranch in California. Before he has proven himself as a sheep dog he is stolen by an itinerant herder and taken into the hills. By the time Sandy, the boy hero of the story, finds him he has learned his lesson in the hard way. A good story with many excellent illustrations.

PONGO THE TERRIBLE. By Dennis Cleaver. Illustrated by G. W. Backhouse. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 96 *pp.* $1.50.

An amusing story by an English writer about two well-brought-up little dogs who get into trouble with a French poodle who has been trained for the circus. There is a nice humor in the conversations between the three. It is an attractive book with illustrations in black and white.

SNOWSHOE PAWS. Written and Illustrated by Margaret S. Johnson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 63 *pp.* $2.

LANNY was a gray and white kitten that Miss Abbot had brought home from the Humane Society shelter. His six-toed paws made him look clumsy, but they spread out like snowshoes when he walked on the snow and they helped him to leap and run and climb trees more easily than most cats. Because he would not make friends with the Pekinese puppy, Impy, Lanny was banished from Miss Abbot's home; but he soon found his way back again. There he sat on her doorstep, wounded and exhausted. He had met and escaped from a fox, he had been chased by hounds and hurt by a car—but at last he had come home. An older and wiser cat, he not only became friends with Impy, but saved him when there was trouble with a much larger dog. The story of Lanny is told simply and realistically. The full-page black and white drawings will please boys and girls who like animal stories.

—RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

SUSIE THE CAT. By Tony Palazzo. New York: The Viking Press. 50 *pp.* $2.50.

The artist who made the drawings for "Timothy Turtle" has written and illustrated a story of his own. Susie is just an ordinary cat—to look at. But she is, as a character, determined, original, and strong-minded. She is interested in the whole idea of a circus and regards herself as a possible circus performer. Fortunately, her master, Johnny, understands her, so they go to the circus together. The large drawings, printed in black against a tinted background, show all the circus animals and Susie's reaction to them, especially to the lion. It is a satisfying circus book.

JENNY'S MOONLIGHT ADVENTURE. Written and Illustrated by Esther Averill. New York: Harper & Bros. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

This is the fourth adventure of Miss Jenny Linski, the charming little black cat who lives with Captain Tinker in Greenwich Village. It is a Hallowe'en story, in which Jenny proves her courage and loyalty by carrying out a risky assignment for the honor of the Cat Club. She braves the neighborhood dogs and other dangers to take a flute to Butterfly, the little Persian cat, who is confined to her house by an injured paw. The drawings, printed in yellow, red, and black, are even better than those in the earlier volumes. We would like to frame the last one showing the members of the Cat Club greeting the Hallowe'en witches as they fly across the moon on their broomsticks. There is endless pleasure and amusement in the chronicles of Miss Linski. This will be a particularly good choice for a Hallowe'en story hour.

—*From "Peter's Pinto."*

WINTER FLIGHT. By Alice Gall and Fleming Crew. Pictures by Nils Hogner. New York: The Oxford University Press. 108 *pp.* $2.50.

This tells the adventures of a young crow. It is an entertaining story and it has the authentic quality that characterizes all the books that these two authors have written for boys and girls. During the calendar year that the story covers Glossy meets a number of the wild creatures of woods and fields. Through him, they tell their own story that never changes and will never change as long as there are woods and fields for them to dwell in. Nils Hogner's black and white drawings are particularly lovely.

HOMING PIGEONS. By Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated by James Gordon Irving. New York: William Morrow & Co. 64 *pp.* $2.

Like the other books in this series, this is both a very attractive picture book and a practical guide to the subject—in this case the care and training of pigeons. Diagrams show exactly how to build a house for the birds and how to handle them. Pigeons are very popular with boys and girls who live in cities because they can be kept healthy and happy on the roof of an apartment house. Surely there are hundreds of children who would like to own this book.

BIG CATS: Kings of the Jungle in Fact and Fiction. Edited by Frances Brentano. With an Introduction by Adolphe Roberts. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 306 *pp.* $3.50.

This is an anthology of stories about jungle animals of the cat family. It begins with Balzac's "A Passion in the Desert" and it includes factual stories by Theodore Roosevelt, Lewis Freeman, and other famous sportsmen. It is a comprehensive and varied collection and is for all the members of the family.

ALI'S ELEPHANT. Story and Lithographs by Raymond Creekmore. New York: The Macmillan Co. No paging. $2.

Beautiful lithographs make this a picture book that even little children will enjoy; but story and pictures tell boys and girls of any age a great deal about India and the people who live there. Ali and his little elephant, Lado, play their part in an exciting tiger hunt and are given the honor

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of leading the triumphant procession back to the Maharaja's palace. Here on well-designed pages are the men and boys of Northern India, playing their games, buying their food, swimming in the river, hunting in the jungle. Here is an especially attractive little Indian elephant. The endpapers, printed in white against a red background, show the Taj Mahal.

TRICKY. By George Cory Franklin. Illustrated by L. D. Cram. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 138 *pp.* $2.25.

Mr. Franklin is the author of "Wild Animals of the Five Rivers Country"—a factual story of the animals that live along the Continental Divide. Tricky, the fox, lived there, too. He is a dramatic little animal as Mr. Franklin draws him—clever, resourceful, and daring. The story tells of his battles, his approach to man when the two miners try to make friends with him, his discovery of traps and guns, and his cleverness in avoiding them. It tells, too, of his wooing of the little lady fox Vixen and his final acceptance of the miners as his friends and protectors. It is a well-told story, with Tricky himself always the central figure. The full-page drawings show the animals and the background of the mountain country.

VISON THE MINK. By John L. George and Jean George. Illustrated by Jean George. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 184 *pp.* $2.50.

This is, in a way, a sequel to that fine story "Vulpes the Red Fox." The background is again the Maryland woods and streams and Vulpes himself appears in the story. It is the story, from birth to death, of a mink who is the strongest and handsomest baby of the spring litter. Men come into it. One of them, an old Maryland Negro, is a memorable character. As in the story of Vulpes the life of a wild creature with its dangers and its rewards is vividly depicted. The wash drawings that illustrate it are as lovely and as revealing as those that illustrated the first story.

WILDLIFE FOR AMERICA: The Story of Wildlife Conservation. By Edward H. Graham and William R. Van Dersal. New York: Oxford University Press. 110 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a history for young people, and for their elders, of the birds and animals that live in North America and of the effect on them of man's colonization of the land. It is illustrated with fine photographs that emphasize the necessity of far-seeing conservation for the needs of man as well as for the preservation of birds and animals.

IDEAS AND STUDIES

(*Continued from page* 13)

superficial compilation of Czech and Slovak literature. It is enlightening to learn about the literature of the least numerous Slavic people, the Lusatians, but we seek in vain papers dealing with the much richer Byelo-Russian production and even with such an old and highly developed literature as the Ukrainian. This is particularly surprising since the American specialist in Ukrainian letters, Clarence A. Manning, is among the contributors to the "Handbook." The last section attempts to give a general view of the Slavic countries after World War I up to the end of World War II. With rather accidental, and therefore superfluous, excursions beyond this date, some of the papers of this section are written from such incongruous points of view that an uninitiated reader can become thoroughly bewildered.

As the preface states, the "Handbook" is designed for a public not familiar with Slavic languages, "hence the bibliographies, which accompany each contribution, list only works in Western European languages." But, on the one hand, the value of the volume for students entering the Slavic field would undoubtedly be greater if references to at least the most important works in Russian were listed alongside the German, Italian, etc., titles—the reading knowledge of Russian among American students must not be underestimated. And, on the other hand, if the book is being addressed to the general public not familiar with the Slavic domain, then in the surveys of the various Slavic literatures and cultures, instead of long catalogue lists of writers, titles, chronological data, we would expect to find pointed out the general lines of the cultural and literary development of these peoples, the striking peculiarities of this development, and, especially, the Slavic creative contribution to the spiritual life of the world. We should expect an answer to why Comenius, Dostoievsky, Polish romanticism, and the Serbian epos possess international relevance.

Regarding highly the task and merit of Strakhovsky's undertaking, we must, therefore, bring out its essential gaps. A handbook of Slavic studies cannot be confined to a simple juxtaposition of historic and literary surveys of the separate Slavic peoples, but must pay special attention to the inter-Slavic problems, *i.e.*, to the common Slavic patrimony, to the cultural interrelations of these peoples, and to the history of pan-Slavic ideology. Just these questions are almost entirely omitted in the "Handbook." The Old Church Slavonic literature and culture which encompassed the overwhelming majority of the Slavic world and promoted the national movement among Slavs is not disclosed to the reader; nor is the great Westernizing trend which arose in the Czech kingdom of the late Middle Ages, nourished the budding Polish literature and culture, and spread farther to the Ukraine and then to Muscovy. Neither the Catholic pan-Slavic movement of the seventeenth century with its outstanding Croat representative, Krizanic, nor the Russian Slavophiles of the nineteenth century, nor the various aspects of Slavic ideology in the Czech past are mentioned. The amazingly rich oral tradition of the Slavs, particularly important from the comparative point of view, is barely touched on. Finally, in a handbook of Slavic studies written in English, special attention to Slavic relations with the English and American cultures would be appropriate.

In spite of all these reservations, the positive fact remains that we finally have a reference book which can be recommended to everyone interested in Slavic matters.

Roman Jakobson, now Thomas G. Masaryk Professor of Czechoslovak studies at Columbia University, will become professor of Slavic languages and literatures at Harvard in July.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Heine: "The Lorelei." 2. Supiyawlat, in "Mandalay," by Kipling. 3. Carrie, in "The Post That Fitted," by Kipling. 4. Huldy, in "The Courtin'," by J. R. Lowell. 5. Priscilla, in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by Longfellow. 6. "Maud Muller," by Whittier. 7. "Evangeline," by Longfellow. 8. Minnehaha, from "The Song of Hiawatha," by Longfellow. 9. Kate, in "My Kate," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 10. "Annie Laurie," by William Douglas. 11. Phillada, in "The Ladies of St. James," by Dobson. 12. Laura Lily, in "The Belle of the Ballroom," by Winthrop M. Praed. 13. Sylvia, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," by Shakespeare. 14. Ruth, in "Ruth," by Thomas Hood. 15. Madeline, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats. 16. Guinevere, in "The Idylls of the King," by Tennyson. 17. Bess, in "The Highwayman," by Noyes. 18. Elaine, in "The Idylls of the King," by Tennyson. 19. Helen, in "Faustus," by Marlowe. 20. Chloe, in "Vitas Hinnuleo," by Horace.

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THERE MAY BE VALUABLE BOOKS, documents, prints, manuscripts in your attic. Go on a rummage and send us a list of your discoveries for our appraisal, and possible purchase. Box 130-D.

SILVER LAKE, N.H. for summer rental, completely furnished house, 4 bedrooms, maids' quarters, 2 baths, large living dining rooms, fireplace, study, garage. Extensive mountain view, swimming nearby. $600. Box 564-H.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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BACHELOR, 34, seeks vacation companion, 3 weeks starting June 20, share expenses, Bermuda, Virgin Islands, Montreal or wherever. Box 661-H.

YOUNG MAN has car for 2-3 week trip (from N.Y.C.) sketching, loafing, wants companion share low expenses. Box 662-H.

WONDERFUL SUMMER for large family or children now available at our children's camp, northern Massachusetts. Swimming, riding, crafts, trips, tutoring, etc. $100.-$170. month. Write: APPLE HILL, Box S, East Pepperell, Mass.

YOUNG WRITER, Groton, Yale, desires interesting work afternoons and/or evenings, in N.Y.C. 3 years experience as Army Adjutant. Box 663-H.

REFINED YOUNG WOMAN desires position as companion-secretary. Will travel. Box 664-H.

YOUNG FELLOW, interested everything. Will some attractive female write? Box 665-H.

MATURE MALE, interests nature, travel, cheerful philosophy, poetry, music, good reading, etc., desires correspondence with lady. Box 666-H.

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PHILOSOPHICAL MALE seeks diversion from his reading in correspondence with understanding female. Box 674-H.

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YOUNG GAGWRITER, brainless, will correspond with persons having similar mental condition. Box 468-H.

COLLEGE WOMAN will share attractive Maine cottage, not modern, with two refined women, car. Box 599-H.

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SOS-CLEVELAND-ITES! Young M.D. (wife, baby) residency University Hospitals July, needs apartment. Box 652-H.

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NEED GAL FRIDAY? Young teacher Romance Languages, desires position traveling Europe or Latin America, research assistant, typist, tutor, child care, etc. Box 678-H.

AMERICAN WOMAN, professional biologist and poet, age 50, resident 12 years in Mexico, wishes to share home next winter with mature woman of similar tastes, by sea if possible, within 1 hour of N.Y.C. Box 679-H.

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MATURE GENTLEMAN invites correspondence with congenial, educated, actively religious female. Box 681-H.

BUSY, YOUNG PROFESSIONAL man, widower, desires correspondence from intelligent, attractive typically American young lady, preferably widow. Box 682-H.

YOUNG MALE, Psychology professor, invites correspondence with traveled, cultured, intelligent lady, devoid of monetary motives, and an aesthete. Box 683-H.

100% DISABLED VETERAN and family need property under G. I. Bill. Must be reasonable. Box 684-H.

LOS ANGELES art student seeks full or part-time employment. Will try anything. L.A. telephone: PL 16580.

I'M just a garden variety sort of female who works for her living. Is there a mature man interested in corresponding with a nonentity such as I? Box 685-H.

SECRETARY on vacation, wishes cottage with piano last half August. Box 686-H.

THINKING MAN, musician, enjoys esthetic pursuits, philosophy, conversation, invites correspondence. Box 687-H.

YALE GRADUATE STUDENT, versatile, presentable, desires writing assistantship, tutor-traveling companion summer job. B.A. from Columbia. Will do anything, anywhere at right wage. Box 688-H.

LIBRARIAN, young man, excellent experience, desires San Francisco area position. Box 689-H.

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YOUNG WOMAN; cultured tastes, aesthitic, congenial understanding nature, diversified interests, invites male correspondence. Box 702-H.

WANTED WRITER: for collaboration non-fiction book. Potential publisher. Cash or percentage basis. Call between 12 and 3 P.M. JErome 7-2600. N.Y.C.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 794

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

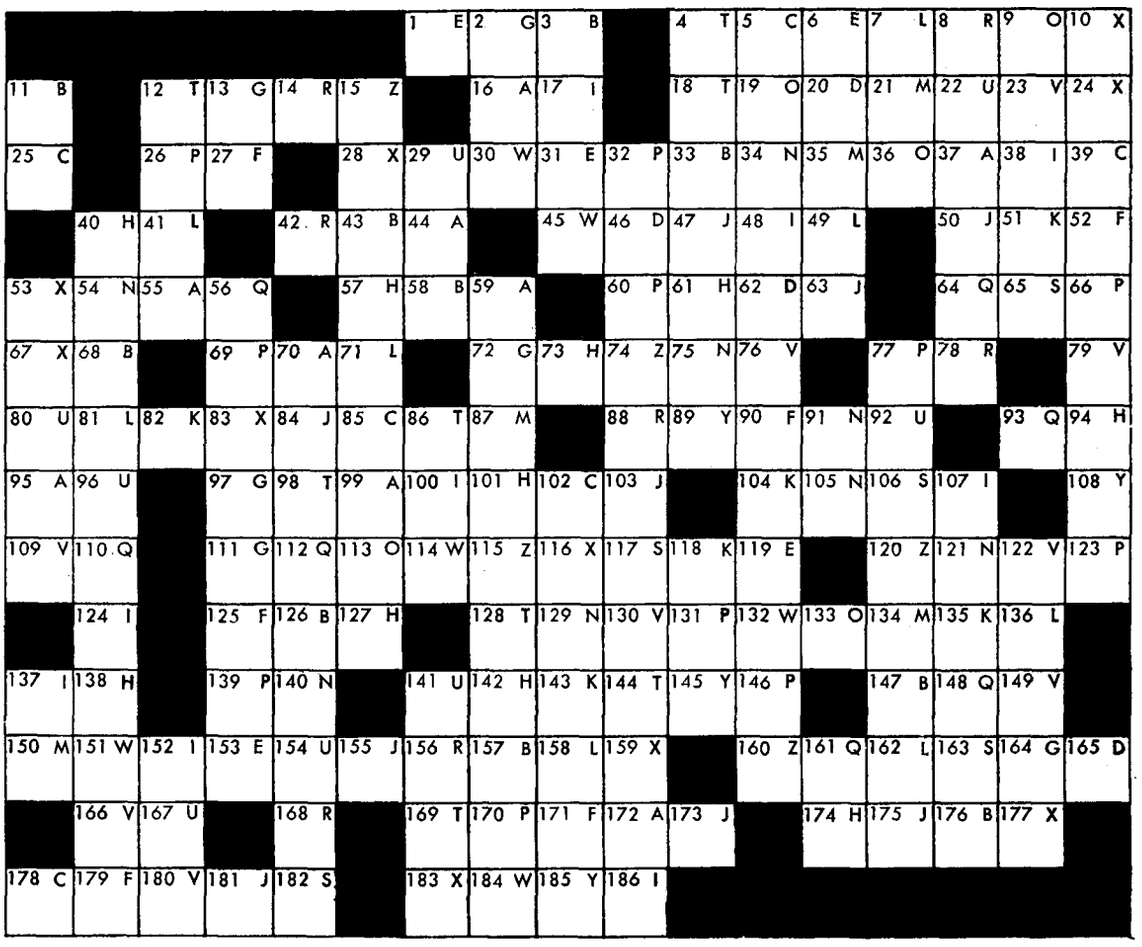
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. *American poet and iconoclastic writer (1895–).*	172 16 59 44 55 70 95 37 99
B. Allegorical tale by Hawthorne, 1851, in "The Snow Image."	11 33 43 126 58 157 3 147 176 68
C. Famous group song from the opera "Lucia di Lammermoor" (mod. sp.).	39 25 5 178 85 102
D. English-born American woman suffrage leader (1847-1919).	62 20 46 165
E. A small dog (local U. S.).	1 6 31 153 119
F. Japanese lacquer.	171 52 90 27 125 179
G. Style of ornamentation developed under Louis XV in France.	111 2 72 13 97 164
H. Assumed name of unknown compiler of book of travels, a literary forgery of fourteenth century.	174 57 138 127 101 94 40 61 73 142
I. Greek rhetorician, second or third century, author of fictitious letters of the life of his time.	152 48 38 124 100 107 186 137 17
J. Noted cathedral in Paris.	155 63 173 47 181 84 175 50 103
K. English prelate and statesman, esp. of Henry Eighth's reign.	104 51 118 82 135 143
L. Breed of cattle from one of the Channel Islands.	162 158 136 71 7 41 81 49
M. To guide, direct, etc.	134 87 21 35 150
N. Reticently; mysteriously (music dir.; Ger.).	34 140 54 129 91 105 75 121
O. *Monumental portrait statues.*	9 19 113 36 133
P. Latin name of French controversial astrologer and prophet (1503-66).	77 170 123 69 131 60 146 26 139 66 32
Q. Eldest of three sons of Levi (Bib.).	56 93 64 110 161 112 148
R. A brilliant composition in free fantasia style, esp. for organ.	42 78 88 8 168 14 156
S. *American playwright of the younger group (1906).*	65 163 117 106 182
T. Persons of no influence, social standing, etc.	86 144 12 98 169 128 4 18
U. Pilgrim father; signer, Mayflower compact; many times governor of Plymouth Colony.	141 80 29 92 167 154 96 22
V. The Day of Atonement (Jewish relig.).	149 166 180 76 122 79 130 23 109
W. President's receptions (U. S.).	30 151 184 45 132 114
X. Insufficiency to discharge all debts enforceable against it (law).	83 53 10 183 24 116 159 67 28 177
Y. Solemn musical composition, often for instruments accompanied by words (Gr. lit. and music).	145 89 108 185
Z. Character, sentiment, disposition of a community or people.	115 120 15 74 160

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



JUNE 11, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 25 of this issue.

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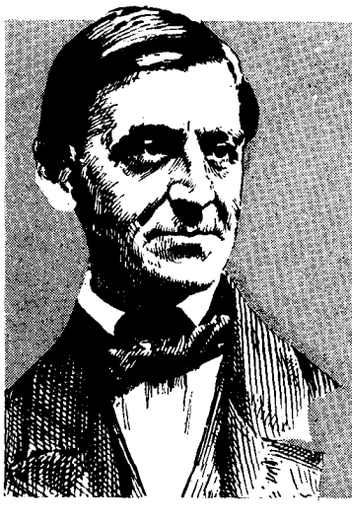

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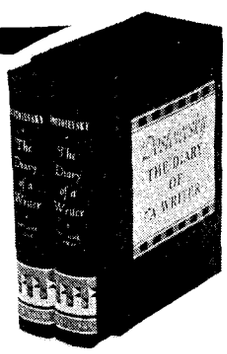

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